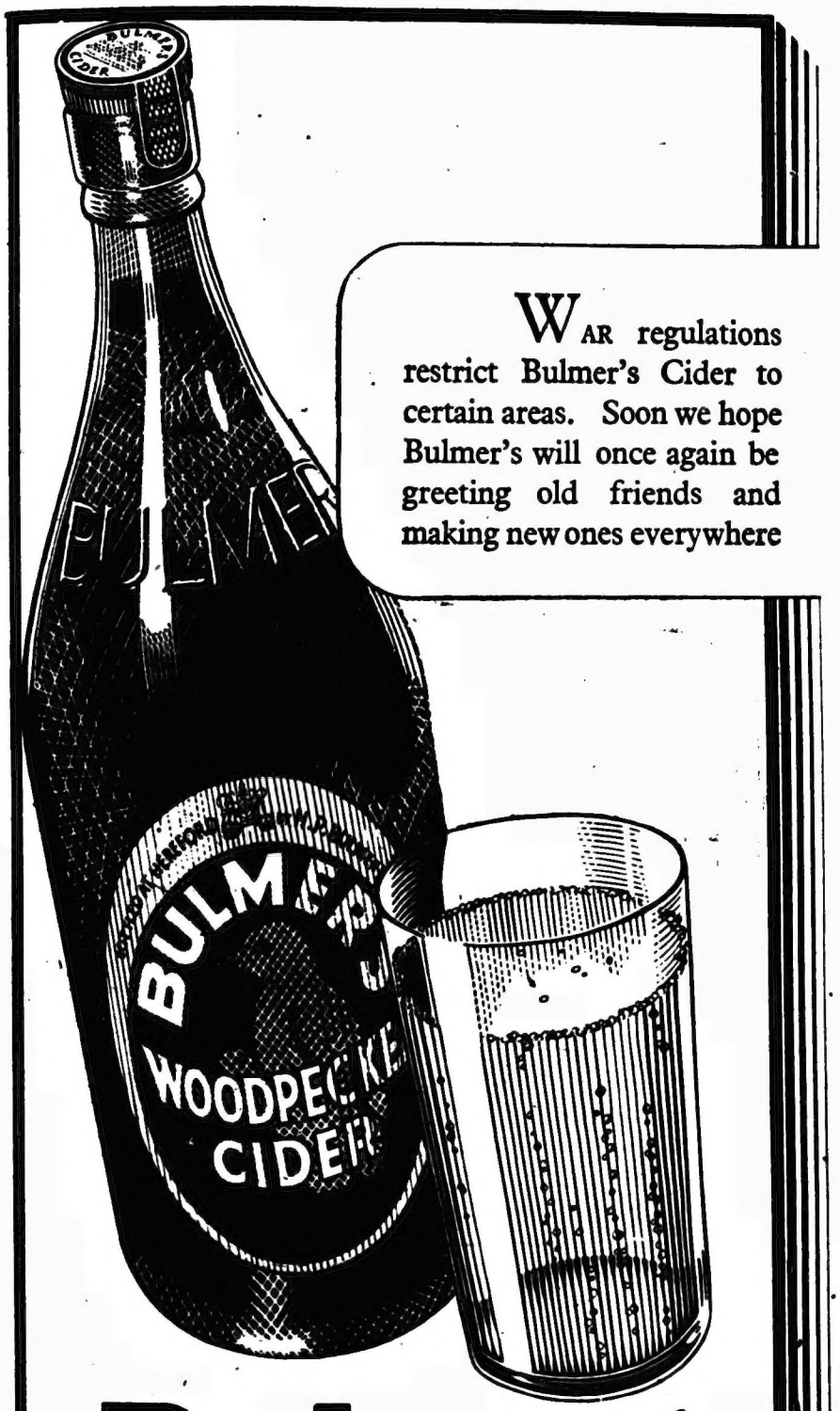
Week ending May 5 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

See page 7

WAR regulations restrict Bulmer's Cider to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere



Bulmer's
CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

Foyds 76. J.D

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS
for tea again!

This is what you need to make a dozen:

1 oz. Bournville Cocoa · 4 oz. Flour · 2 oz. Sugar · ½ teasp. Bicarb. of Soda · 2 oz. Margarine · 1 tablesp. warmed Syrup · Flavouring

This is how you make them:

Melt fat and syrup and mix in cocoa, flour, sugar and bicarbonate of soda. Add flavouring, either ginger or vanilla. Beat well, roll out and prick. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

CADBURYS
BOURNVILLE
Still Unrationed COCOA

Great strides

AT that anxious time when baby seems to lose instead of gain, Nestlé's milk turns the tide. Nestlé's milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own complete and perfect food. But it is milk which baby can easily digest and thrive on from the first days. That is the simple reason behind a thousand miracles.

Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is so nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives. Horlicks also goes to hospitals, factories, and the mines. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

WHEN THERE'S PLENTY OF EVERYTHING AGAIN

Only the best will be good enough for her

SO KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND . ONLY THE FINEST INGREDIENTS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR

Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. But Victory will mean plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere

THEY'LL BE THE DAYS!

Three columns of Test commentary and no war news.... a plateful of creamy, sustaining Quaker Oats enjoyed in peace!

Quick QUAKER OATS

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

In Peace time it is

'Golden Shred'

Now it's

J.R JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 60 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product

-you can depend on it

JAMES ROBERTSON & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London : Paisley : Manchester : Bristol

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

freshly made

The Nation's Economical Condiment

Mulberry Docks & Strawberry Sundaes

In the colossal chain of allied effort, forged through five years of blood and sweat, "Mulberries"—D Day's Floating Docks—were the last vital link. In that close-kept secret, Electricity was once more "the power behind the plan".

Among the sweets of victory will be the much-missed luxuries and aids to living that Electricity can bring — frozen delights for your table, effortless cooking and cleaning, all the comfort and cheerfulness of an all-electric home.

Till then, switch off whenever and whatever you can.

Electricity

When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes.

Ah! BISTO FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

Smooth as velvet

MAKERS OF EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

Deeds—not words!

No words could express the countless hours of pleasure and trouble-free listening which have been enjoyed by thousands of owners of Mullard radio sets. They have discovered for themselves that their choice was a good one. No wonder they will always insist on Mullard, knowing full well that when better sets are made—Mullard will make them.

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THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE Co. Ltd., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2

May 5 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2029 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

NEED WE SHIVER?

TO SAVE FUEL, the street lights have been turned out. Coal production is still falling. The reserve dumps are exhausted, the household allowance reduced. Major Lloyd George warns us grimly that "the position next winter will be one of great difficulty for consumers."

In other words, many of us are likely to shiver before empty grates when the nights are long again. Already the fuel situation is worse than it has ever been.

How can it be eased?

There must be the greatest economy in the use of gas, electricity, and raw coal. Miners should be released from the Forces directly the war against Germany is over. Coal traffic should be given first priority on the railways.

But these measures are palliatives, not cures.

All short-term efforts to relieve the symptoms really depend, therefore, on the long-term treatment.

VARIOUS CURES will be suggested in the forthcoming Commons debate.

Major Lloyd George will give a fervent testimonial to the Reid Report which, drawn up by mining experts who have spent their lives in private enterprise, admits that private enterprise has failed, and suggests large-scale amalgamations in order to achieve efficient working.

Some M.P.s will champion the proposals of Mr. Foot, the mineowners' spokesman. Mr. Foot, after spinning dizzily on his toes, has produced a new version of his original plan, but the mixture is much the same: Look after the owners and let everyone else take care of himself.

Finally, the mineworkers will demand efficiency through nationalisation.

Whichever of the three is adopted, action must be taken this summer: first, to carry out the short-term measures we have outlined, and then to begin the thorough reorganisation of the industry which should have been started a generation ago.

There is still time to save us from freezing next winter.

The Editor

AFTER BERLIN—EYES NORTH!

Italian Patriots Rise. Truman Exhorts. India in the Crucible. Sir John Anderson's Omissions. Cost of Living Query. Rhodesia Looks Ahead. Still Letter Censors!

ALL THAT REMAINS now to complete the great victory of Berlin, is for the three major Allies to take joint and formal possession.

The British—as well as the Americans—will be represented equally in the eventual procession through Hitler's capital. The Allied Powers, Russia, America, France and ourselves, sitting in Berlin, will control regionally every yard of Germany.

Eyes North

WITH THE LINK-UP between Soviet and American troops firmly established, all eyes now turn to Norway, where, it seems, the Nazis have 300,000 good and well-equipped men, not the 30,000 poor and ill-provided ones we were led to think. They aren't there for nothing.

The R.A.F. can look after the remains of the *Luftwaffe* in those parts—said to include 150 bombers, which may stage a suicide raid on Northern England, though the use of V-weapons from Norway is out of the question. The Royal Navy can deal with what is left of Hitler's fleet, including U-boats.

But it is no light task to get 300,000 men, with ample food supplies, out of mountain strongholds. Happily, Norway has few built-up areas to restrain the use of our air power in the way it is restrained by the Dutch cities.

Sea Flank

The Norway last stand will be tough guerilla warfare, but only guerilla warfare. There are no industries to furnish unlimited heavy equipment.

Sea power may prove decisive. Landing craft have plenty of opportunity on a 2,000-mile coast with (believe it or not) 150,000 islands.

Also vulnerable from the sea is what remains of the North German pocket. Denmark's dunes, in particular, present no more obstacles to landing craft than did the beaches of Calvados.

Strategic Scissors

TWO IMMENSE PAIRS of scissors have snipped into at least three fragments of the Bavaria-Bohemia-Alps redoubt.

Was Patton's thrust south-east to the Danube timed to meet, near Passau, Russians surging from Vienna, so isolating Bavarian Alps from Bohemian industries?

Underneath his Berchtesgaden mountain fastness Hitler, if only he had war factories, might hold out till the autumn snows, blocking the passes, made him snug till 1946.

Swift Stroke

But where are the factories? The other pair of scissors—Allied armour moving swiftly north from the Po—had only to snip the main Venice-Milan railway and reach Lake Garda, to make a a separate pocket of north Italy's Black Country.

Sudden, dramatic upsurging of Italian patriots, plus Allied troop landings on the Genoa coast, liberated that Black Country with almost incredible speed.

Prague Doomed?

This leaves only Bohemia as a much reduced redoubt, with mountains on three sides but no natural obstacles between it and the Russians.

The fine Czech industries, including the famous Skoda Works, would be open to appalling air attacks. For all the Nazis care, the historic city of Prague might become a ruin.

All this does not mean that the pockets cannot cause trouble and cost blood. It does mean that the idea of prolonging the war indefinitely is moonshine.

SAN FRANCISCO'S OBJECTS HAVE BEEN CONCISELY SUMMED UP BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN, SEEN HERE BY GEORGE WHITELAW

Truman Speaks

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, in an impressive broadcast from Washington as the curtain rose on San Francisco's conference, summed up aptly the objective of that momentous assembly.

It had, he said, to bring order out of international chaos by "the establishment of a world organisation for the enforcement of peace."

The United Nations had beaten the aggressor because they got together in war; they dared not, he insisted, separate in peace.

Why Pessimism?

Ill-founded was the gloom that beset public opinion in the Atlantic countries on the eve of the conference.

Of course, the big Powers are prone to stay powerful in a world where men have concocted V-weapons. But that doesn't impede collaboration.

The question is not whether powerful nations are to collaborate, but, as Mr. Attlee put it, whether they are to exercise their power inside or outside the framework of an ordered society of nations.

The defeatists are not unlike the folks who, when pioneer airmen used to crash, would croak, "men were never meant to fly." Time proved them wrong, and time will vindicate the Woodrow Wilsons and Arthur Hendersons.

JB insurance

£771,000

was the colossal amount of home fire damage in the United Kingdom and Eire for the month of March, 1945, without taking account of damage by enemy action.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader a £1,000 free Fire Insurance as well as many other valuable Household Benefits.

Running Germany

LUCIUS D. CLAY, to be America's top civil affairs ruler in occupied Germany, was one of President Roosevelt's last appointments—made at the request of Clay's friend, General Eisenhower.

Clay, major-general, engineer and supply expert, got the reputation of being over-tough on civilians while second in command of the Office of War Mobilisation. He it was who insisted on measures like curfew, brownout and racing ban.

He will find Germany a far more formidable proposition than he found the Cherbourg supply muddle last autumn, when the Allies simply had to make the most of a devastated port.

Dubious Drama

STORIES of Nazi high-ups dying heroes' deaths on the field of battle, sure to be served up soon, should be treated with suspicion, especially if the act ends with a solemn "cremation."

The Allied authorities will not let war criminals escape in this way.

Nazi Swing

THE NAZIS rigidly banned swing music before the war. Yet they couldn't prevent their dance band leaders having American swing numbers copied from gramophone records and played, with only slight variations, over the German radio.

Our men over there are now reporting that German prisoners are more interested in Benny Goodman's and Count Basie's records than in the war itself.

Since Goodman is of American Jewish origin and Basie of American negro birth, it looks as though not all of Dr. Goebbel's propaganda has got across.

Dotard's Return

PETAIN BACK IN FRANCE is the concern of the French and no one else. It is to be hoped he may be induced to speak freely, for he has much to reveal.

He could tell, for instance, what went on behind the scenes when, as French Ambassador to Franco's Spain, he must have known much that the pre-war rulers of France (and of Britain, too) would prefer to remain hidden.

High-ups on both sides of the Channel will tremble when the trial opens, lest this old man should give away sinister secrets. For himself, probably the worst fate, in view of his age (he is 89), is life internment.

Contrast the honourable and dignified return to his beloved France of that great patriot, M Herriot!

Transforming India

WHILE FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WAVELL is in London talking things over with Mr. Churchill, amazing events are happening in India, which may well be connected with the Viceroy's visit.

Startling is the Indian Government's plan for bringing about twenty vital industries under central, as distinct from provincial, control—and actually nationalising some of them! Even the rival scheme of the Bombay capitalists, led by the steelmasters of the Tata family, is a compromise between "free enterprise" and a gradual Socialism.

Drastic industrial change, under the guidance of a progressive Viceroy like Lord Wavell might well break the

CHURCHILL'S FIVE YEARS OF DESTINY

He has guided us along the hard road of war: will he triumph in peace?

NEXT THURSDAY, Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill will complete five years' service as Prime Minister. After guiding Britain through the worst five years in her history, he hopes to become as much a victor of the peace as of the war. On returning to Party politics, he will have to face severe criticism on the problems of reconstruction; inevitably the popularity of a Party leader will be less than that of a war Prime Minister. Whether his greatness will stand the test of Peace remains to be seen. Suffice it for the moment that for five years he has towered among men and won the respect and gratitude of great nations.

Here are the highlights of the tremendous war drama which Churchill—more than any other single man—has done so much to shape:—

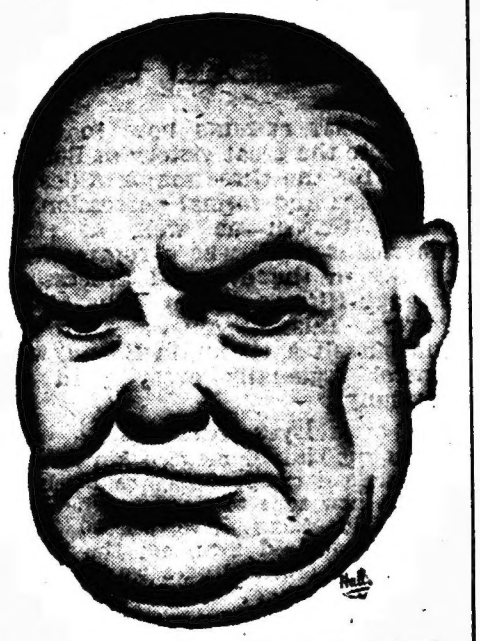
1940-41. As France falls, Churchill flies over to offer Frenchmen full British Empire citizenship. "The few" hurl back the *Luftwaffe* in "Britain's finest hour." Congress votes Lend-Lease. Athens falls. *Hood* and *Bismarck* sink. The day Hitler invades Russia, Churchill goes to the wireless, assures full aid to the Soviet. Pearl Harbour. First Three-Power conference. Churchill goes to Washington.

1941-42. *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* go down. Singapore falls. Russia fights back. Churchill visits Moscow, Washington. U-boat war at climax. Germany bombed round the clock.

1942-3. Quebec conference. Mussolini falls; Italy signs an armistice. Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin at the Teheran conference. Siege of Leningrad. Darlan assassinated. R.A.F. pounds Berlin. Stalingrad. Beveridge Report appears. British victories in N. Africa.

1943-4. Russians sweep into Rumania. Rome captured. Normandy landings. Paris liberated. Flying-bombs and rockets crash on Britain. Belgium and Holland entered.

1944-5. Allied troops cross the Rhine. 14th Army successes in Burma. Roosevelt dies. Tokyo bombed. Budapest, Berlin, Vienna triumphs of the Red Army. German camp horrors revealed. End of the war in sight.



"Every man is entitled to be valued by his best moment"—*Emerson*

Hindu-Muslim political deadlock and promote a happier future for India's impoverished population.

Young Saboteurs

DUTCH BOYS, aged thirteen to fifteen, trained by their parents to commit small acts of sabotage like puncturing German tyres, soon got back to a law-abiding way of life, says Dr. J. Tauber, the Czech physician now in the service of U.N.R.R.A.

The boys were part of a contingent of 496 children brought to Coventry this year. They brought their sabotaging tendencies with them, and were at first bewildered at having to be good.

Discipline proved an easier problem than that of gradually improving the diet of these undersized youngsters.

Budget Bouquets, Brickbats

SIR JOHN ANDERSON'S Budget speech had the great merit of dealing with people, what they produce and consume, not merely with money—which, after all, is merely a measure. Just as a carpenter handles oak or mahogany, not feet or inches.

"Our standard of living," he said, "can only be maintained by the output of goods and services." That truth ought to be written up on every bank and public building in the land.

What a change from pre-war days, when politicians and businessmen alike, thinking in terms of money not things, insisted on restricting production "to keep prices remunerative"!

Planning Abundance

Sir John rightly said it was no good reducing taxation till things got into the shops for people to buy.

And he sensibly suggested that, if we are to have full employment after the war, there will have to be a continuous census of production."

From this it is an easy step to planning mass output for peace in much the same way that we have planned mass output for war.

P.A.Y.E. Chaos

But why did Sir John claim that P.A.Y.E. was a "remarkable success"?

It depends on your standpoint. What the cat thinks a success, the mouse deems a catastrophe. P.A.Y.E. has certainly got people's money out of them; most people find it has made tax-paying easier for them.

But how can it be a complete success when a paper like the *Financial News* can put the heading, P.A.Y.E. CHAOS DANGER: OVER A MILLION LETTERS UNANSWERED, on nearly a column describing the exasperation of tax officials faced with mounting complaints from folk who have paid too much?

In short, the principle is excellent, the working of it is cumbersome.

Debt Bogy

Then there was Sir John's moan, repeated over the radio on Budget night, about our war debt to overseas countries—possibly £4,000,000,000.

Not a word about our having grossly overpaid India and Egypt where, though prices have risen far more than here, we still (for some unexplained reason) observe the pre-war exchange rates!

Nor a word of explanation why, though at great cost in men and material we have liberated France, Belgium and other countries, we shall end the war by owing them the monetary cost of their liberation!

This business of war debts will have to be cleared up and the debts themselves scaled down.

Sir John, like most experts who talk about the very real peril of post-war inflation (runaway increase in prices), made no mention of the obvious precaution: price control, plus State planning of abundant output.

Even Lord Woolton chose Budget day to tell drapers that after the war, "with lots of money about," they would have every temptation to let prices rise, though they would render great service to the country if they didn't do it.

Why do experts always imply that the level of prices must for ever be something for business to decide? Prices, more than anything else, are a matter for Government decision.

Cost of Living

YOUNG ENOUGH to be attractive and sincere enough to be persuasive, Lady Rhys-Williams, who is a prospective Liberal candidate, spoke to an Economic Reform Club meeting in Caxton Hall the day after Budget day.

She ridiculed the Chancellor's statement that the cost of living was only about 30 per cent. above that of 1938. Housewife and mother of four, she put it at nearer 55 per cent., and likely to go higher still after the war's end.

So people getting sick or unemployment pay after the war, finding their benefits whittled down by the high cost of living, would have to be means-tested by the National Assistance Board. She denounced this as a "fraud," and said benefits should go up and down with the cost of living.

Child Migrants

SOUTHERN RHODESIA, with Germany's area and Eastbourne's population of whites, is about to announce a scheme for "importing" Scandinavian children, according to Mr. Edgar Whitehead, its Acting High Commissioner in London.

The children will be mostly Norwegians orphaned by the war; but some will be Danes and some Swedes. They will be well educated (Rhodesia is proud of its schools) and reared as Rhodesians.

The colony would like British children, too, but there are obstacles.

Bright Future

Mr. Whitehead, who has served Rhodesia in its Parliament and its army, believes passionately in the country's future and in the ability of widely differing races to dwell together.

Great need is for scientific and technical men to make the most of the huge resources of coal and iron.

He recalls with pride how, in the depth of the depression when Rhodesians, like everyone else, were "axing" public services, their Government had the vision to spend £2,000,000 on buying out all mineral rights.

Colossal Memory

QUOTING POETRY by the yard comes easy to Mr. G. W. Thomson, who is to preside this week-end over the annual conference of the National Federation of Professional Workers. His memory is retentive, and he is believed to be the "best read Socialist."

He thinks sixteen is "not a luxury age" for children to complete their schooling. An ill-educated mass of people, he says, can never be a real democracy.

The conference, which now represents more than a quarter of a million workers, is worried about the delay in raising the school-leaving age under the new Act. It also wants a five-day week of thirty-five hours for non-manual workers.

Farms Need Brains

THREE-YEAR "pre-agriculture" courses in country secondary schools, designed specially for children aged thirteen to sixteen who want to go on to the land, are recommended in the report of a joint committee of the Agriculture and Education Ministries.

The committee deplores the tendency for grammar or secondary schools to draw the best brains away from farms.

Vegetable preservation and simple dairy work are proposed to be included in the girls' course.

Catholic Specialist

FATHER ALPHONSUS BONNAR, who discusses on page seven the topic of artificial insemination, has the letters O.P.M. after his name: he is a member of the Order of Friars Minor (Franciscans).

He has specialised in medical subjects, and his publications include a book, "The Catholic Doctor," besides medico-moral and historical sermons and articles.

Son of a Scottish architect Fr. Bonnar is fifty years old, chaplain to the Catholic Medical Guild and honorary co-editor of the *Catholic Medical Guardian*.

Evergreen Josephine

They called her "The Darling of Paris." In Vienna, a young man shot himself at her feet. She rode a post-chaise driven by an ostrich. A leopard and two monkeys guarded her dressing-room door. For years Josephine Baker, daughter of a washerwoman, was the sensation of Europe. Then, during the war, it was reported that she had died in Portugal "in poverty."

Not so. Josephine managed to escape from Occupied France to her lovely mountain villa in Morocco, there regained health, and is as young-looking as ever.

Now a sous-lieutenant in the French equivalent of the W.A.A.F., she is in Britain to entertain our troops and to raise money for the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers. Noel Coward will present her at a gala concert in London.

Tarnished Victory

It is no use liberating the peoples of Europe if we leave them to face starvation and epidemics. Relief must be real, generous, efficient and speedy

by ANGUS McCOLL

THE EMPTY HAND

TRUE TO THEIR CREED and character established over a thousand years, the Germans have utterly laid waste the lands they conquered. They looted first the resources of the vanquished, next the very means of existence. What escaped them has been bombed and shelled to ruins by Allied action. Our victorious armies in Europe now face the threat of famine and disease.

Hitler proclaimed it should be thus if he were beaten. For once he has kept his word. Europe is on the brink of what may well be History's greatest tragedy.

Story of Muddle

When you have had an empty belly for many days you cannot be expected to reason. We have liberated people only to hear them throw back in our faces: "Why don't you give us food and help? When the Germans were here we at least had some little to eat. You have neither food nor organisation."

We have an organisation, by name UNRRA—*United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration*. The Allies set it up in November, 1943. Now, in 1945, it is time for its story to be told.

At first all promised well. The huge sum of £500 millions was allocated for relief work; 2,000 men and women were recruited under the supreme control of an American, Senator Lehman. Every ally who stood in need was eligible for help—the necessities of life, including the restart of basic industries and occupations, were to be supplied without charge.

So far, what has this miracle-working organisation done?

The whole story is one of muddle, frustration and distrust. Not all the faults are on UNRRA's side. Yugoslavia point-blank refused to have the organisation inside her frontiers unless she controlled the distribution. In Greece there was revolution, making it impossible for UNRRA to function. France, which pleaded for help, has watched the food and clothing supplied disappear into the Black Market, a mischance for which the supply organisation was not to blame.

The Infernal Rot

On the other hand, there have been grave faults within. Sir Arthur Salter, who had been appointed senior deputy director, resigned in September of last year. He said he thought UNRRA had started too early, that it had been organised too cumbrously, circumscribed too narrowly, and advertised too enthusiastically.

Vernon Lindsay, appointed to a £1,250 job in the Mediterranean section, with an extra £1 17s. 6d. a day for living expenses, resigned a week after he reached Cairo. "UNRRA in Cairo," he said, "seemed to me just a mass Cook's tour at the taxpayers' expense."

"UNRRA the Unready," became its Cairo nickname—so dubbed by the 440-odd employees who formed its H.Q. staff in that city. Dressed in the weirdest assortment of uniforms, they looked more like Fred Karno's army than representatives of the world's greatest army of mercy and succour. These were the men and women who were to go to the liberated Balkans; over half of them earned upwards from £1,000 per annum, and received big living expenses. They took their orders from Washington, and Washington is a very long way from Europe—much further than London.

Richard Law, forced to stand up and defend the organisation in the Commons, points out that UNRRA cannot intervene unless asked to do so by the foreign governments, and that the French and Belgian Governments preferred to assume responsibilities themselves.

This answer skirts round the central and undeniable fact that if UNRRA inspired the slightest real confidence in the battered countries they would leap at a chance to have food and clothing and rehabilitation. They do not want interference and F.O. tactics and hosts of amateurs, well-intentioned but ill-informed, let loose on them as the price of help. They would sooner starve.

There are even ugly stories of UNRRA officials using their position chiefly as an opportunity to make commercial contacts in liberated countries and prepare the way for the entry of private firms into foreign trade. These charges are difficult to prove. At most they could be true of only a small number of officials.

But the fact remains that many people in liberated countries distrust UNRRA and believe it to be an instrument either of private profit or of political pressure—or both.

If the administrative muddle in London's UNRRA offices is any indication of the general organisation of the whole movement, stark tragedy may well result.

Two thousand odd yards of hessian are holding up the packing of huge quantities of second-hand clothing recently collected for the destitute in Europe. The necessary permit is delayed by some hide-bound official and the work is paralysed.

The fantastic inefficiency of the recruitment system alone is enough to put off any really worthwhile worker who thinks of giving his services to UNRRA. After filling in two yellow and one blue double-foolscap form (both sides) and having attended four interviews, one volunteer, whose specialised knowledge of the Balkans was second to none in this country, was told after an eleven-week delay that he "was not wanted after all." Why? Confidentially, he was told that he had been classed as "undesirable." The ground? Well, it seems he had once, six years previously, made a rude remark to a F.O. official.

Highly qualified and responsible men and women who were literally prepared to drop everything and go on immediate errands of mercy have been through this ludicrous muddle-machine and are left disgruntled and disillusioned.

What Must Be Done?

To slash at an organisation is easy. The question is—*What must be done?*

If the inefficiency of the whole UNRRA organisation is the real cause of the trouble, then it should be scrapped at once and the responsibility transferred to the Supreme Command.

If UNRRA is efficient but lacks powers, then it should be given the necessary authority and armed with the necessary priorities.

If the whole trouble arises purely from a shortage of shipping and transport, then the men who apportion the available shipping and transport must think again. It is no use fighting to liberate Europe and the Far East if the price of liberation is starvation, disease, and death.

In the meantime there is A. P. Herbert's proposal that a "citizens' fleet" of little ships should be organised at once to carry supplies to the Continent. The ships are there, most of them lying idle. Crews could be found in any east or south coast port. We did it at Dunkirk and we could do it again.

The only reply to Mr. Herbert's scheme comes from "An Admiralty Official." He said that "small vessels are not suitable for this type of work."

Supposing you lived in Paris to-day, or in Brussels, or in Amsterdam, and had not had a proper meal for two months. Would you think that small vessels were not suitable for carrying food?

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

"No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls: It Tolls for thee."—JOHN DONNE, born 1571? died 1631.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Anthony Asquith,

Distinguished Film Director

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—Because films entertain and teach at the same time, you are right to say they can play a big part in reconstruction.

Men from the Services will have to learn new trades. Every instructor knows how effectively a good film can teach practice and theory too.

What the film has done during the war to help women make the best use of food, it can do after the war to spread knowledge of housekeeping and mothercraft.

When local government elections are pending, public interest can be awakened with appropriate films. Is it in the national interest to promote good will towards, say, the people of India or China? Then the right sort of travel film supplies the instrument.

This does not mean that the cine-technician, any more than the doctor or schoolmaster, is to be a propagandist. But it does mean that the film industry must cater for many aspects of our national life.

And when television puts a cinema screen into every home, the scope of your industry will be wider than ever.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve,

Chairman, Building Apprenticeship and Training Council

DEAR SIR MALCOLM,—The nation will watch with approval and hope your plan, which the Government has accepted, for training building apprentices under craftsmen instructors. It will usefully reinforce the existing arrangements in respect of apprenticeships interrupted by war service.

This ancient industry, using the most modern technique, will be a most important public service for years to come. Those who take part in it will be serving their country as much as fighting men do during a war.

Building offers a sure job for a long enough period to make it highly attractive to ambitious youngsters. I am sure you will have no difficulty in getting apprentices of the right type.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Kindersley,

President, National Savings Committee

MY LORD.—You say that after the war people must save "to reconstruct and rehabilitate industry."

Do you mean that people are to lend money which the Government, in its turn, will lend to the private owners of obsolete cotton mills or old-fashioned coal mines?

Is the old spirit of enterprise so dead among our captains of industry that they will no longer risk their own money? Do they expect the Government to find the capital while they run the show?

People will still want to save after this war. They will gladly lend money to promote a national housing scheme or similar social improvements. And your campaign will, I do not doubt, continue to prosper. But you will have to think of something better than asking people to finance unenterprising capitalists who have let their plant get out-of-date.—JOHN BULL.

Anthony Asquith knows how films can be used to promote goodwill

Rt. Hon. H. U. Willink, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR MR. WILLINK,—Other local authorities will soon be seeking the power you so wisely gave Bournemouth Corporation, to requisition furnished flats from which the landlord proposed to evict tenants for the sake of higher rents from holidaymakers.

You must not let speculators buy up hotels and boarding houses, driving out permanent residents to seek new homes.

Watch, too, the landlords of small shops or apartment houses from which tenants had to clear out for war reasons, but to which they now wish to return. Some owners are seeking to let—at rents the former tenants, impoverished by the war could never afford—to new tenants whom the war has enriched.

You can remedy these and other injustices by encouraging councils to use their existing powers (such as that of requisitioning empty properties) and by extending those powers to cover tenancies not now protected by the law.—JOHN BULL.

Major Lewis Hastings,

B.B.C. War Commentator

DEAR MAJOR,—What a tonic you are, a real livener to all of us who have the pleasure of listening to your radio commentaries on the military situation!

The rollicking gusto with which you do your stuff is a priceless asset to any broadcaster, and in your case it is reinforced by a sincerity that imparts added pungency to your words.

How you must have loved broadcasting for the first time from German soil! I suspect that experience gave you as exquisite a thrill as when, in your late fifties, you dropped for the first time by parachute.

You did well to remind us that, while many people at home are thinking in terms of VE-Day celebrations, British blood is still being shed freely in the Battle of the Pockets. The same applies, of course, to our American, Russian and other Allies.

Timely, above all, was the eloquent expression of your reaction to the horrors you saw at the Belsen concentration camp. Whatever democracy's weaknesses, dictatorship's horrors are unspeakable. "All power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely."—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

TO-DAY

TIME HAS BEEN A PUZZLE to men ever since the first man began to notice and observe and think.

But of one thing men have always been convinced. Whatever Time may be or may not be, the Present is important to the individual.

Listen to this, from the Sanskrit. It is old, very old: it is "half as old as Time": but it is true now, as it was true then:

Look to this very day.
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty:
For yesterday is but a dream
And to-morrow is only a vision,
But to-day well lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

There are great days coming: but what they will mean to us is going to be measured by what we think and what we do to-day. And if we do rightly we can laugh at fate and say with a brave heart, "To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived To-day!"

Argument

Can the problem of providing houses for the people be solved by the Government granting municipal authorities

INTEREST-FREE LOANS FOR HOUSING?

Yes

1. Earth to live on and a roof over your head are such basic human needs that they cannot be left at the mercy of the law of supply and demand. If earth is denied a man except on payment of a market rate, why not make a charge for air?

2. Owing to the growing dislocation of our economic system the cost of housing is now out of all proportion to other costs. Rent used to be one-tenth of income; it is now up to one-third.

3. John Wheatley, Labour Minister of Housing, showed in 1924 that the economic rent for a £500 council house, calculated as 9s. 9d., was made up as follows: Site, 1½d.; labour, 1s. 3d.; materials, 1s. 10½d.; loan charges, 6s. 6d. He said two-thirds of the rent went to moneylenders.

4. Loan charges have varied comparatively little during the last twenty years and may still reach 60 per cent. of rent. Glasgow had to pay £1,345,914 interest and debt charges on housing for the year ending May, 1943. Such costs impede all improvement of social conditions.

5. Interest is justified as "the reward of enterprise." But what enterprise do lenders show to justify the huge loan charges on housing schemes? A large part of credit—much of the war debt, for instance—is mere bookkeeping entries. The "lenders" risk nothing, forgo nothing, part with nothing. Why, then, should they be paid?

No

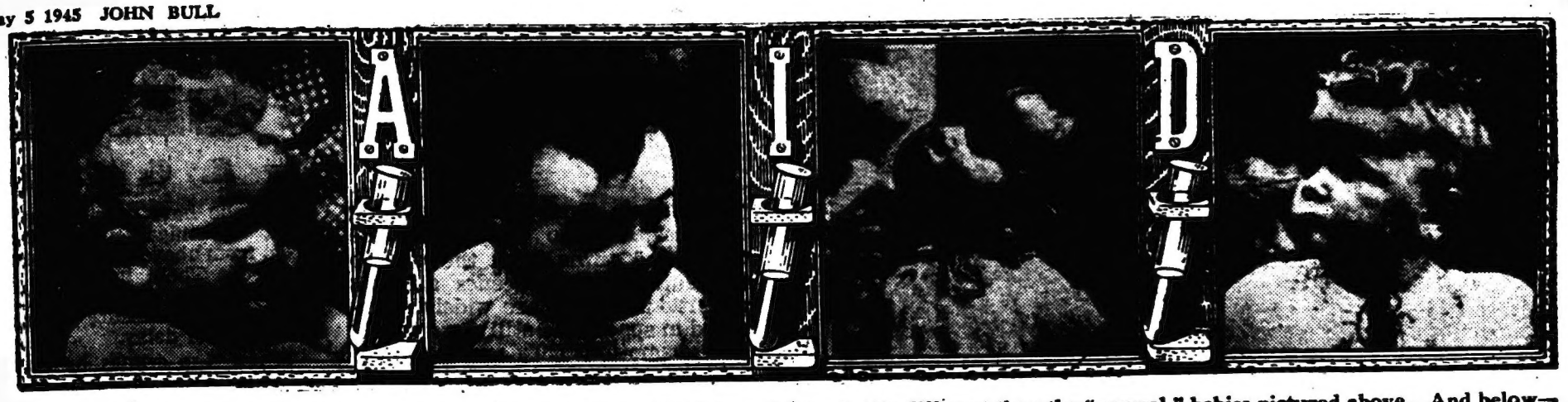
1. Since the Government pays Savings Bank depositors 2½ per cent. per annum, it can hardly lend money at a lesser rate.

2. To lend municipalities money without interest the Government must either borrow the money interest-free, which it is unlikely to be able to do, or ask the taxpayer to meet the loss.

3. John Wheatley, first Labour Minister of Health, had his scheme for interest-free housing loans declared unconstitutional, since it would have meant people who were paying interest charges on their own houses being taxed to provide interest-free houses for others.

4. The Building Societies, whose funds total over £700,000,000, are always ready to finance house building on reasonable terms. They lent £137,000,000 in 1937-38.

5. During the inter-war period private builders put up over 2,500,000 houses, more than 2,000,000 of them unsubsidised, whereas public bodies built just less than 1,000,000. Private enterprise can tackle the housing shortage if allowed a fair profit and a free field.



What do they look like—the children now being produced by artificial insemination? No different than the "normal" babies pictured above. And below—

Four experts help you to make up your mind about

TEST-TUBE BABIES

Civilisation faces a new and vital problem. JOHN BULL believes its readers will welcome these authoritative statements of the issues involved

DOCTOR

THE SUDDEN BLAZE of publicity thrown on artificial insemination has been out of all proportion to its immediate importance.

The technique has been used by breeders of cattle for many years as a means of increasing the usefulness of approved sires. Among human beings isolated experiments have been carried out over a considerable time both in this country and elsewhere.

In America, artificial insemination from a "donor"—that is, a man unknown to either husband or wife—is an established practice, and, in isolated cases, human semen has been successfully transported for long distances by 'plane. There are also reports of official experiments in the U.S.S.R.

In this country a few doctors have experimented with the technique in individual cases, but until recently there has been little or no scientific literature on the subject.

Active opposition is to be expected, mainly from certain religious bodies whose particular tenets reject the practice, or from lawyers and others chiefly concerned with inherited privilege and entailed property.

But whatever views are held about the ethics of artificial insemination, the problem of irremediable male sterility is too pressing to be ignored. Further research will perhaps help to reduce this condition; it can hardly expect to abolish it altogether.

Thus there will probably always be a small proportion of wives who want and could themselves have children, but are debarred from that fulfilment because their husbands happen to be sterile.

Of these, some can be taken care of by artificial insemination from the husband—A.I.H. This course is indicated where there are faults in the natural delivery or reception of the semen, where there is a lack of vigour in the spermatozoa, or where there is "hostility" between the male and female secretions.

Most of the present controversy centres around artificial insemination from a donor—A.I.D. This is indicated when a normally fertile woman is married to an irremediably sterile husband. *It is carried out only when both partners of the marriage regard it as the best possible solution to their particular problem.*

So far as medical research has been able to discover, the babies born are as healthy and in every way as normal as those which result from natural relationships.

One peculiarity only has been detected. It seems, on the evidence available, that artificial insemination slightly alters the balance of the sexes.

In the ordinary way about 105 boys are born for every 100 girls. The American figures for artificial insemination show 150 to 100—three boys for every two girls. The reason for this is unknown.

The whole subject calls for an immense amount of patient research and controlled scientific experiment, but this honest searching after truth will be constantly hampered if it is allowed to become the target of ill-informed criticism.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST

THERE IS NOTHING MORE fundamental in human relationships than the union of the sexes. The Church, as our moral guide, helps us to know its exact nature. The medical profession deals with the mechanics of human reproduction, but has no right or qualification to give moral rulings.

The sexual union of man and woman is not the same as the reproductive relation of animals. The potentially reproductive act in man is the loving physical union between husband and wife. Reproduction procured in any other manner is contrary to man's nature, and therefore immoral.

Hence, as between husband and wife, artificial insemination is prohibited by the Catholic Church because insemination should be, not a medical operation, but the climax of the physical expression of love in actual and full sexual union.

As to "donor" insemination, that is immoral because a wife is exclusively for her husband and a husband for his wife. Invasion by other semen is a violation of their sacred union, and, on the other hand, a man may not divert himself from his wife to inseminate other women.

In every case, the method of obtaining the semen is immoral.

The infrequency or frequency of artificial insemination is irrelevant. If a thing is radically wrong, its infrequency cannot make it right.

BARRISTER

A CHILD BORN in wedlock by artificial insemination from the husband is undoubtedly legitimate. A child born following artificial insemination from a donor would also be presumed to be legitimate if there had also been intercourse between husband and wife during the period when the child could have been begotten. The law cannot in advance exclude the possibility that the birth was not the result of normal intercourse.

If no intercourse took place during the critical period, then, strictly speaking, the birth of the child should be registered as illegitimate. Indeed, failure to do this, would be a misdemeanour, carrying the penalty of up to £50 on summary conviction and more serious consequences on indictment. However, in practice the elaborate precautions taken to preserve complete secrecy reduce the risk of detection to a minimum.

Once a child born following artificial insemination has been registered as legitimate, it is extremely difficult to attack its legitimacy. Neither husband nor wife would be allowed to give evidence of non-intercourse, and the doctor would be under a bond of professional secrecy.

There is nothing in the law which would enable one partner in a marriage to insist on the use of artificial insemination, least of all from a donor, in order to produce children. If, however, a wife obtained a child by artificial insemination from a donor without her husband's consent, he could regard that as a serious matrimonial offence, entitling him to leave his wife, but he could not ask for divorce on the grounds of adultery—an offence inseparable from intercourse.

This means the husband might have little chance of adequate legal redress: his best protection lies in the scrupulous observance by the medical profession of the rule that the operation must never be performed without the husband's clear consent.

Finally, even if a donor's identity were known, he could never become liable for maintenance of the child. Such liability is inseparable from intercourse with the mother.

PSYCHOLOGIST

THE USE OF artificial insemination from a donor is too new as yet for us to do any more than guess at the psychological factors involved.

American doctors say that the wife undergoing the treatment is apt to be depressed at first—especially if the process is prolonged. But successful pregnancy brings her happiness.

Her maternal impulse is more deeply satisfied than by adoption, and she is grateful to her husband for allowing her to obtain this fulfilment.

Out of 10,000 cases in America, more than 1,400 wives came back for a second baby.

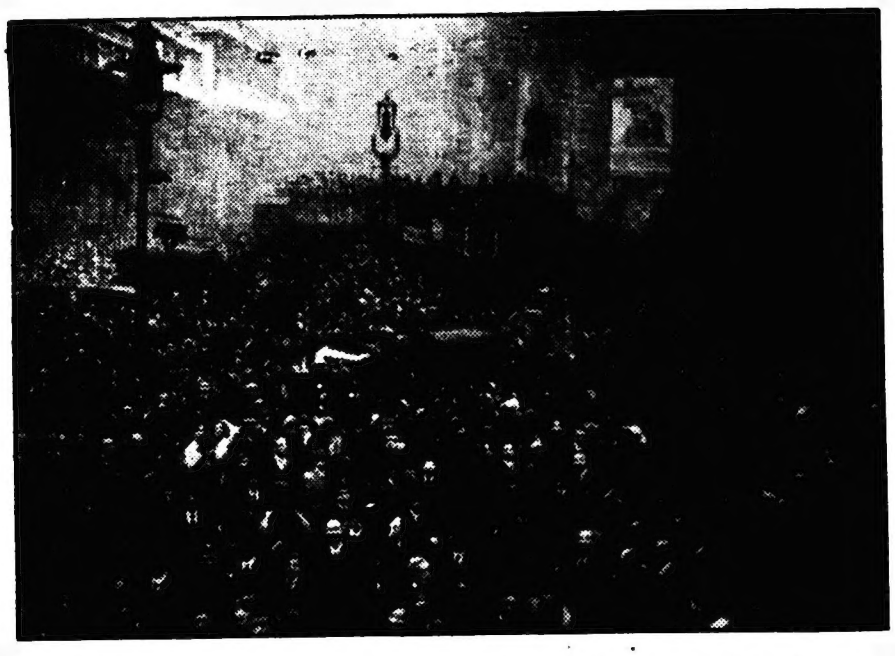
The husband's position is more difficult. Men are extremely sensitive about any sexual deficiency. They are distressed when they learn that they are sterile; but in many cases the arrival of a baby by artificial insemination helps them.

"It would require a petrified heart," says one American doctor, "not to warm to the scene of a sterile father doting on his two children, who, say the neighbours, resemble him closely."

Some men might be disturbed by seeing in the child a constant reminder of their sterility. This is less likely since the husband himself chooses the solution; but if such a conflict developed it might create an ugly situation between "father" and child.

In general, the aim should be that the child itself should never know of its origin. There is always the danger, however, that in a moment of anger or indiscretion the secret may slip out. The shock of such a discovery might have a serious effect on some children. It is possible that an inferiority complex might be set up with roots no psychological treatment could reach.

In a society where artificial insemination was accepted as a normal procedure, however, the child might think no more about it than he would about artificial feeding or cæsarian birth.



On November 11th, 1918 the City's workers swarmed out to welcome peace—in 1945 comparatively few people work among the ruins and their mood is very different

The Best Way to Celebrate

Take into peace the best of war-unity, the breaking down of barriers of caste and creed—says SWAFFER

A CONVALESCENT does not get drunk; nor does he give vent to a lot of noise. He is grateful for release from pain; but he remembers that he has left behind, in the hospital ward, others who are still suffering.

So it will be on V.E-Day.

How can we celebrate, when "peace" comes, "the end of a war" that will still be going on, a war that has left on Europe scars so deep that they will not be eradicated in the lifetime of the youngest among us?

"Mafficking," which made raucous our streets on November 11, 1918, would be a mockery.

Ideas from Bexhill

Thousands of our bravest will be facing death and disease amid the swamps of Burma, or cruising Asiatic waters on the eve of naval battles. In many British homes they will be fearing, for months, the arrival of one of those dreaded telegrams. . . .

There will be speeches about "Never again," I suppose; but they will sound a mockery in the mouths of those statesmen who betrayed the League when Japan invaded Manchuria.

It was with such thoughts in my mind that cynically, last Sunday, I started to listen to a sermon preached by the Rev. John Grant from Paddington Chapel, the place of worship which, we were told, was attended by the brutal father in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Before long, I was conscious that the preacher had something to say. He recalled the brotherhood of the *blitz*, its intimate contacts, and its great friendliness, and he pleaded for a continuation of that comradeship in a common peril.

It struck me more than ever, while I heard, that by far the best way to celebrate the end of the war was to salve from it all that was best—and what was best was the unity of purpose and the breaking down of the barriers of caste and creed.

Why, when peace comes, should that end? Some towns have learned the lesson.

I was privileged, a few weeks ago, to deliver the inaugural address at a town's meeting of the Association of Bexhill Citizens. It has been born of the war. It sought to keep going the community spirit of the days of the Threat. The Mayor presided, ministers of all denominations were on the platform, with members of the council, and the large De la Warr Pavilion was filled with citizens.

Now here, as I told the gathering, was the best way of celebrating the end of the war—not with a few hours of over-indulgence, but by a pledge to combine for the borough's welfare in the future.

The suggestions made to the association were interesting. Some wanted lectures by speakers on all subjects dealing with civic life and detailed explanations of the duties of various municipal departments, particularly with regard to the post-war area.

Other ideas were a maternity home and a children's crèche.

"Let us beautify the town by a large-scale use of flowers and shrubs in the public thoroughfares," one member had written in.

The need for future development in town-planning by architects and the location of shopping areas was stressed by a panel of architects. Centrally situated playing-fields were asked for, and homes for aged people.

The town will, of course, face arguments and Party differences when it comes down to the practical business of implementing ideas. But that is inevitable.

Politics is the detail of statesmanship. So long as people are honest about their views, they should be encouraged to express them.

Things to be Kept

I cannot understand why, already, we have scrapped the salvage schemes that were saving us millions of pounds.

I am indignant to read that, in some towns, allotments are already being discouraged.

I would like to be preserved, wherever they are needed, the communal kitchens which have saved housewives so much in money and so many hours of labour in their homes. After all, people are not forced to use them.

No single detail of the wise and benevolent welfare schemes introduced by Ernest Bevin during the war should go. They have transformed factory life.

We should also preserve, as community centres, buildings erected for the purposes of war.

And, by giving a new League of Nations power, we should preserve ourselves.

TWO GERMA

by A. G. GARDINER

HITLER'S THIRD REICH is being shattered to ruins, and the mind turns from the war to the future. Two scenes grip its attention. They are widely separated in space, and still more widely in the emotions they arouse.

San Francisco lifts up our heart with hope. Buchenwald chills it with horror. But together they foreshadow the future. Is San Francisco or Buchenwald to be our human destiny?

If anything could add energy to the deliberations at San Francisco, it is the revelations that have sent a shudder through the world in these past days.

In the light of these revelations two tasks confront us. We have to execute judgment upon the guilty. And we have to safeguard the world against the recurrence of the crime.

Permanent Control Needed

The two subjects cannot be divorced. In a large measure they are one, and even in this hour of shame and righteous wrath it will not be forgotten that it is the whole future of mankind that is at stake.

In view of this, punishment must be stern, severe and just, but it must not be inspired by revenge, and it must not prejudice the ultimate aim which is the pacification of the world.

Certain features of the punishment are obvious and outside the scope of controversy. Such, for example, is the treatment of the authors of this stupendous crime.

Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Goering, Ribbentrop and others of the gang whose conspiracy has made a shambles of the world will, if captured alive, be executed out of hand. Their crimes are too vast, too flagrant to call for the formality of a trial, and they should be hanged in circumstances that will strike the imagination of the world and of history.

Their tools—the horrible degenerates who have carried out the murders, torturings and cruelties authorised from above—should be differently treated. Their individual guilt will need to be established, and the military courts should execute justice with the minimum of delay.

Where the crimes have been committed on foreign soil, the offenders should be handed over for judgment to the appropriate courts of the countries whose citizens have been slain or outraged.

All members of the *Gestapo* and the *Waffen S.S.* who escape punishment for specific crimes should be permanently controlled. They cannot be left loose in Germany to become the nucleus of a new Nazi movement.

If they were we might give up all hope of ever establishing a régime of peace and order in Germany.

Probably the most practical step would be to send them to repair the destruction they have done in the invaded countries.

Perhaps the most difficult of all the problems is that of the Hitler Jugend. It is a matter of general agreement that the most hopelessly fanatical element in Germany is the generation that has grown up under Hitler and is drunk with the poison of Nazism.

The new Mayor of Frankfort-on-Main said the other day that he despaired of this generation. He regarded it as incurably lost, and said the hope of a regenerate Germany lay in capturing the post-Hitler generation.

Lessons from 1918

This is a grim outlook, for the whole youth of a nation of seventy million people cannot be subjected to a sort of Borstal treatment.

It may be that help in this matter will come in another direction.

One of the worst failures after the last war was the neglect to root out the real cancer of Germany—that is, the Great General Staff. That Staff, in various shapes, has been the real

The worst of Germany is represented in the brutal faces of these women S.S. guards at Belsen concentration camp—the best is symbolised by Pastor Niemoeler, who defied Hitler and who is here seen leaving church after his last Confirmation Class before his arrest in July, 1937

MANYS

ruler of Prussia for more than two centuries, and through Prussia it has ruled Germany.

It has dictated policy at home and abroad. It has made war the chief industry of Germany. It has injected militarism into the blood of the race.

After the last war we believed we had destroyed both the army and the General Staff. We destroyed neither. The Staff ran to earth. It assumed various disguises.

A Long, Hard Passage

But from the day the Armistice was signed it was preparing with all the technique of its past for the next war.

It was preparing under the façade of the Weimar Republic. Long before Hitler had seized power it had laid its plans for the invasion of Norway, for example, in precisely the form in which that invasion was carried out in 1940.

It accepted Hitler because his political cunning captured Germany, hoodwinked the world and restored the army.

This time we shall kill the General Staff stone dead. We shall occupy Germany. We shall control all its activities. We shall re-educate it in ways of peace. We shall demilitarise the nation and sit tight on the Ruhr.

Not for a decade will Germany be self-governing again. When it is, the government will be dedicated to peace, and composed of the "other Germany" which Hitler has so largely destroyed, but which must emerge out of the wreckage of the nation.

Under this stern, but just, rule we may hope that a new Germany will be born, and that even the fanatical Hitler Jugend of to-day will become in some measure civilised.

We must cherish this hope and work for its fulfilment. For, intense though our just hatred of the Germany of to-day is, there is no other way to a resurrected Europe and a new World Order.

We cannot massacre this criminal nation as it has sought to massacre other nations, and as, under its insane leadership, it is now engaged in massacring itself. We cannot do it for moral reasons, and we cannot do it for political reasons.

Moreover, though it is hard to think so under the shadow of Buchenwald, a de-barbarised Germany is necessary to recovery in Europe.

This is no plea for a soft peace. Nor is it a plea for sympathy with a nation in whose name have been perpetrated crimes which in magnitude and horror exceed anything in the records of humanity.

Their way back to the respect and friendship of the world is going to be hard, as it should be. Germany will not emerge from the war which was to win her the world as she went into it.

Great slices of her territory will go to the peoples like Holland and Poland whom she has infamously wronged. She will be poor. She will be disgraced. She will be distrusted. But she will never again be feared.

But, cured of the malignant distemper that has driven her to madness and has wrecked the world, she, too, must be permitted and encouraged to "work her passage home" to the society of civilised peoples.

For how many women does the arrival of the "Rent Man" mean weekly a nightmare caused by soaring prices?

The Robinsons' Rent

Here is the human story of rent—the millstone around our neck

by DAVID J. MURPHY

WHEN THE Robinsons married they got a flat for 6s. 6d. a week.

That was in 1904, when eggs were 16 a shilling, when St. Amant won the Derby in a terrific thunderstorm, and when you could buy a goodish suit for 17s. 6d.

The flat was in Liverpool. It had two bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen and a bathroom. Small, of course, but it was comfortable. The Robinsons furnished it handsomely for just over £20.

Mr. Robinson was then second mate in a coaster. He earned £2 a week. His rent was just under one-sixth of his income—16 per cent.

The Slump Came

That seemed to him just about right. His father had always told him that one-tenth for rent was what you should aim at, and that anyone who paid out more than one-sixth of his income in rent was heading straight for financial ruin.

And there was no need to. The Robinsons were able to pick and choose among dozens of flats that were to let. Landlords were looking for tenants, and some even offered to pay the whole cost of moving as an inducement for people to take their houses.

By the time the Robinsons' first son Jim was born, Mr. Robinson had already been promoted, and after Arthur came, his earnings went up again.

The flat was beginning to be rather on the small side for a growing family. So Mrs. Robinson looked round and found a small house in Bootle. There were two living rooms, three bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen, and there was a patch of garden out the back where the children could play, and where their father could potter about when he came home from sea, and grow a few roses and some vegetables.

The rent was 10s. 6d. a week—still well under a sixth of Mr. Robinson's income, now over £3 5s. a week.

When the war broke out in 1914, there were many anxieties. Mrs. Robinson was constantly worried about her husband's safety, dodging mines and torpedoes every day in the Channel and the North Sea.

She was worried about the children. Another boy had been born just before the war, and a daughter early in 1915. It was not easy to give them the food they needed with all the rationing and shortages, and the price of everything was going up.

But Mr. Robinson's earnings increased steadily, and they had their house. The Government stepped in early in the war and the rent was controlled. It remained at 10s. 6d., which was now well under one-sixth of the Robinsons' income.

By 1923, however, things began to change. The slump came. Shipping in Liverpool went into slow stagnation. Ships that used to cross the Irish Sea every other night loaded to the scuppers began to cross half empty. Then they made only two trips a week. Soon they were laid up for a week, two weeks, a month at a time.

Mr. Robinson saw what was happening. Some of his friends were already unemployed, hanging about the waterfront, drifting from one pub. to another.

When his own ship was laid up, he faced the position squarely and decided he must look beyond Liverpool. He found a job on a collier sailing out of London.

It was hard to say goodbye to the little house in Bootle where the family had grown up, and they had been through so much together. It was hard saying goodbye to friends, and tradesmen, and schoolmates, and setting off for the south where they knew nobody.

It was expensive, too: packing and moving the furniture, buying the railway fares, staying in hotels.

Most difficult of all was to find somewhere to live in London. The best they could do, eventually, was a dingy three-roomed flat in Bloomsbury. It cost 30s. a week.

Mr. Robinson's pay in his new job was only £4 7s. 6d. But before long the two older boys found themselves clerical jobs in the City, and between them they began to bring in another £2 15s. a week.

The total family income was now £7 2s. 6d. The rent 30s.—or over 20 per cent.

At that, there was no room to move in the London flat. Six of them, packed into three small rooms, a dirty old-fashioned bathroom, a makeshift kitchen. No sun, no light, no air. The boys stayed out on the streets as long as they could.

The girl, Hazel, began to look peaked and ill.

Life for Mrs. Robinson became a nightmare.

So one year, when Jim and Arthur had both had a rise, she took the plunge and found a new place to live. She knew it was too expensive, but she thought somehow, with a little saving here and there, and cutting down what she spent on her own clothes, she could manage.

It was a large flat built over a set of offices. There were actually four bedrooms, and a kitchen big enough to eat breakfast in. But it overlooked one of the noisiest streets in London. On the waste ground at the back, huge rats tumbled over each other in search of food. Nothing ever seemed clean.

The rent was 45s. a week—30 per cent. of the family income.

More Moves and Another War

They had been in the new flat for five years when the catastrophe came. Mr. Robinson, who had become master of a small coaster, lost his job. The ship was laid up and eventually sold for scrap. There were no officers jobs to be had. In desperation he put his master's ticket away and shipped as an A.B. on an ocean-going freighter. There were two other ex-skippers in the foc'sle with him.

There was nothing for it but to give up the big flat in Central London and move out to something smaller in the suburbs.

So Mrs. Robinson went house-hunting again, and this time found a three-roomed flat in Tooting. The eldest son, Jim, got married, which made one less to find room for. But he took his salary with him. The third son, Tom, who was just 17 started work at a furniture warehouse.

Even so, the family income was now reduced to less than £4 a week. The rent of the new flat was 27s. 6d., or over 35 per cent.

Actually, it was worse than that, for Arthur still worked in the City, and now he could no longer get home at midday. Tram fares and lunch were costing him an extra 9s. 6d. a week.

Jim was only a little better off. He had married on the strength of a new job at Acton, which paid him £3 a week, and he had found a small flat out there for 17s. 6d.

All that was in 1931. By 1938 he family luck had changed. Mr. Robinson got back to command a coaster, and then at fifty-two retired from the sea, and took up a modest shore job.

Once more Mrs. Robinson decided to move. By a stroke of great good fortune she discovered a house at Balham at only 32s. 6d. a week.

Things had improved. The Robinsons' rent was now only 30 per cent. of their income.

There is not much to add to this story. Arthur got married just before the war, and when he went into the Army his wife and small baby went back to stay with her parents in Yorkshire. His job is waiting for him in London, but unless he can find somewhere to live he will have to throw it up and begin life all over again in the North.

Hazel took up nursing and lives at the hospital. In any case, she talks of getting married.

Arthur was killed last year in a bombing raid on Augsburg.

Mr. Robinson is now just over sixty, and his wife a year younger. The rent they are paying is a big enough burden—but one day in the not far distant future Mr. Robinson may have to stop work. Then the rent will be equal to the whole of the pension to which he is entitled! And out he will have to go, to find somewhere to spend his declining days. What rent will he pay then?

FOUR-POINTS OF POLICY

Local rent tribunals must be set up to adjust grievances, as recently advocated by a Government committee.

Houses lacking modern conveniences or built before a certain date should be declared "sub-standard" and their rents reduced.

No owner should profit from houses unfit for human habitation (the Minister of Health in 1938 said there were 500,000 such). Their rents should go to a rent subsidy fund.

Good, cheap, modern houses must be built in vast numbers by the State as a first priority.

H. NORMAN SMITH,
prospective Labour candidate for Nottingham, South.

[See this week's "Argument" on page 6 for a discussion on housing finance.]

JOHN BULL

Short Story

She leant forward in her chair while we cleared up the tangle of coins and silks and letters on the floor

A touch of BLINDNESS

How much shrewd wisdom did gentle Great-Aunt Lucy hide under her seeming innocence when she spoilt the young people's dream?

by DIANA ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

OLD LADIES CAN BE pretty autocratic at times, I know. But the odd thing is that Great-Aunt Lucy wasn't that type. She was gentle and kind; and after years of domination by her sister Maggie's forceful, acrimonious personality she appeared almost childlike in her simplicity.

Yet I've never been entirely satisfied that the thing was an accident. I can still see that strange expression on Lucy's face afterwards.

It all happened many years ago, but I'm still wondering.

We were chronically hard up in those days; bills showered in as regularly as the postman knocked. We never hurried to pick up the mail; there were too many nasty yellow envelopes with halfpenny stamps on. The children's school bills, household bills, hire-purchase accounts; all the dreary procession.

So that when Great-Aunt Maggie, Lucy's sister, eventually died, we just couldn't feel sorry. You see, for some reason the crochety old girl had always had a fancy for me, and I knew that she had left me half her money. Half to me and half to Great-Aunt Lucy, if she should survive her, which she did.

The sisters had lived in Dulbridge ever since I could remember, in their neat little white house in a quiet lane. Neither had ever married. People said that Great-Aunt Lucy had been very pretty in her young days (that wasn't hard to believe, she was the loveliest old lady I ever saw), and that she'd sent scores of dashing young men packing because Maggie had persuaded her against marriage.

Maggie had been cruelly jilted practically on the eve of her wedding; people said she'd never get over the shock, and it had made her sharp and bitter for the rest of her life.

Then, as I said, Great-Aunt Maggie died. Of course Lucy must have grieved for her and missed her. More so because Lucy was practically blind. Her sight had failed her some years before, and that had made her even more dependent on Maggie. But Nell, my wife, and I agreed that Lucy had taken her bereavement remarkably well. She cried quite a bit, though.

"Dear Maggie was always so good to me," she said. But the day after the funeral we found her very comfortably installed in the best armchair, which Maggie had always appropriated, her feet on Maggie's footstool, and a tray with China tea and little cakes beside her.

She started guiltily as we came in and turned her face towards us, for all the world like a child caught stealing the jam. I didn't know why till Nell whispered: "Isn't she adorable! She's having tea. You know Maggie would never allow it, she said it spoilt supper."

We had tea with her and talked about what we'd do with the money. At least, Nell and I talked about it. Lucy only said that she wanted nothing more than to live on in that little house with old Carrie to look after her, just as she had for so many years.

BUT NELL AND I were excitedly discussing the wonderful orgy of spending we would have after our years of penury. New clothes for the whole family, we said; and we could easily afford a full-time maid, or even two. "And a holiday, Tom," Nell went on eagerly. I remember how my heart leapt at the thought of it.

Gaily we started planning; for years we'd wanted a trip abroad. We could pack the children somewhere and go off into Europe on our own.

Suddenly I caught sight of Lucy's face. Her old mouth was pursed almost disapprovingly and her blank blue eyes were focussed unseeingly on the window. I was puzzled; it wasn't that she minded our discussing the money so soon after Maggie's death; in fact, she had brought up the subject.

"Of course," I said hastily, "we'd pay all our bills first." Lucy smiled at that. "Yes, dear," she said gently. "Of course you would."

That night Nell and I lay awake for hours, happily enlarging our plans. And you can imagine what a shock it was next day when Gubbins, the solicitor, arrived in great agitation to say that there was no trace of Maggie's money.

The will was perfectly in order. "..... All of which I die possessed shall be divided equally between my sister Lucy Agnes, if still living at the date of my death, and my nephew Thomas Conway. . . ."

But when Gubbins, as executor, had interviewed the bank manager, he was informed that there was a cash balance of exactly fifteen pounds in Maggie's account. That Maggie had withdrawn, in cash, her entire fortune of several thousand pounds, over a period of the last two years before she died.

We hurried round to see Lucy at once. I remember we found her sitting placidly in her warm sitting-room knitting a school jersey for one of our boys. She knitted surprisingly quickly, considering she was so nearly blind; her fingers were sure, and old Carrie, the maid, used to help her over the awkward bits.

We told her the news. I'd been afraid she would be terribly upset and worried, but she listened quietly and the steady clicking of her needles didn't even stop. When we had finished she nodded.

"I thought she might do something like that," she said.

"Like what?" we asked anxiously.

"Hiding her money, poor girl." Lucy shook her head sadly over the memory of seventy-five-year-old Maggie. "She was always very queer about money."

A shadow crossed her face for a moment, darkening it as a cloud over the sun darkens a placid lake. She murmured more to herself than to us: "Maggie loved money, more than anything—or anyone."

The cloud passed and Lucy started briskly wrapping up her knitting. "Well, my dears," she said composedly, "If she did hide it up it can't be far. You must search for it."

SO SEARCH WE DID. High and low, while Lucy sat in the hall calling out suggestions as to where Maggie might conceivably have hidden her hoard. We turned the little house upside down. Nell brought the boys along when they came home from school and they excitedly joined in the nearest thing to a treasure hunt they'd ever known.

We found some treasures, certainly, though not what we were looking for. Nell called me up to the old ladies' bedroom to look at a battered, ancient wooden trunk she had found in the depths of a cupboard.

It was packed to the brim with yellowing silks and cambrics, voluminous garments edged with beautiful old lace and threaded with ivory ribbons.

"Maggie's trousseau!" Nell whispered. "Look!" She gently lifted out some folds. "All hand-made. What hours of work wasted. Poor Maggie!"

I was too anxious about the missing money to spend much time gazing at these symbols of Maggie's lost happiness; and together we searched the trunk. There was nothing there but the faded, wasted finery in its layers of tissue paper.

Nell told Lucy about our finding Maggie's trousseau when we came downstairs, and the old lady shook her head pityingly.

"It was a sad, sad day when we packed those lovely things away," she said. "I sometimes thought Maggie'd packed her heart away with them. She was such a happy girl before Frank left her. . . ."

"I REMEMBER," I interrupted her irritably at this point. I was in no mood for an old lady's reminiscences, and I said rather sharply:

"Look here, Aunt Lucy, we'll take the children home and come back after supper, if you don't mind."

She turned her face towards me and said: "You sound upset, Thomas."

"Upset?" I burst out angrily. "It may not matter much to you, Aunt Lucy, to lose a fortune, but I need that money!"

Lucy's wrinkled lips pursed. "But are you sure you do, Thomas?" she inquired.

Nell must have feared that I'd lose my temper, for she put in hastily: "Well, goodnight, Lucy darling—it's long past Jimmy's bedtime, we really must fly."

Lucy lifted her face for Nell's kiss almost absently; then she said, with such unusual authority that I was startled into acquiescence: "Thomas, I'd like to speak to you. Perhaps you could follow Nell in a few moments."

When the door had closed behind Nell and the two flushed, exuberant little boys, Lucy put her hand on my arm.

"Thomas," she said earnestly, "you frightened me. For a moment I thought—somehow you sounded so like Maggie."

She paused.

"Thomas, money isn't everything. Maggie thought it was, because Frank left her for a richer girl. And it spoiled Maggie's life—she grew to love money and she grew close and grudging. But you have so much that poor Maggie hadn't. You have Nell—and your lovely children," she said.

Her voice died away. I could see she was trembling, obviously upset, and I said as patiently as I could:

"Don't worry, dear. We'll find that money and we'll all have a wonderful time."

I kissed her and started for the door, but she called: "Thomas!"

I turned impatiently.

"You and Nell do love each other very much, don't you, dear?" she asked.

"Well, of course," I said uncomfortably. I was puzzled by her persistence. "Then you're very lucky, Thomas. You're very lucky."

I left her standing there, nodding her head, and hurried home.

Just as we finished supper that evening, the telephone rang. Nell answered it.

"How wonderful!" I heard her say. "Of course, we'll come over at once."

She turned to me with shining eyes.

"Tom, that was Great-Aunt Lucy herself. Carrie went out for her walk after supper, and Lucy says she sat and thought and thought about where the money could be. And she suddenly remembered what I'd said about finding nothing in Maggie's trousseau trunk but clothes!"

Nell paused for breath.

"Go on, go on!" I said impatiently.

"Well, she says she realised then that we couldn't have found the false bottom to the trunk. Because if we had we'd have said something about all Maggie's love letters that they'd packed away there. She couldn't wait for Carrie to get back, so she went up herself and opened the trunk. And Tom, she's found the money! In the bottom of the trunk with all poor Maggie's old letters!"

We hurried into our coats. When we reached the great-aunt's house, we went in by the garden door and through the orderly kitchen into the little hall.

"Aunt Lucy!" we called. "Where are you?"

"Up in the bedroom!" came her excited old voice. "Come up, children."

We came, and we looked. And it'll be a long time before I forget what we saw.

Great-Aunt Lucy was sitting by the fire, her cap awry, her lined old face flushed. She was bending over the trunk which she had dragged out from the corner where we left it. Maggie's trousseau was scattered on the floor around, in a welter of ancient silks, tissue paper and bundles of yellowed letters tied with fraying velvet ribbons. And the firelight was gleaming on a pile of golden sovereigns at Lucy's feet.

HER WRINKLED HANDS were shaking with excitement as she fumbled among the coins. "Children, Maggie was queerer than I thought, poor girl! She would always pack things away in a great deal of paper, but *look* at this! She's wrapped them all up in little bits of paper—dozens of little bundles. But I knew they were sovereigns the moment I felt them. There, I've undone them all now, haven't I?"

And delightedly she tossed the last screw of paper over the high fender. It fluttered slowly down towards the dying fire, where a heap of charred and smouldering papers testified to the old lady's industry.

I started forward. "Lucy!" I cried.

But Nell laid a warning hand on my arm. Her face was white, but she put a finger to her lips meaningly.

"Lucy darling," she said, "how *clever* of you to find it! Now we can pay all our nasty bills. . . ."

Yes, we paid our bills—at least, the worst of them. There was just about enough in our share of the gold for that. And we never said a word to Lucy of what she had done. We never told her that the bulk of Maggie's fortune was ashes in the grate. That the little twists of paper had been ten-pound notes.

Nell said it would break Lucy's heart if she knew. But I wonder. I can't forget something Lucy said after it happened. Not so much her words, as her expression.

She leant forward in her chair while we cleared up the tangle of coins and silks and letters on the floor. Nell had gently rebuked her for taking the risk of throwing all that paper in the fire while she was alone in the house. Lucy answered, with that funny little air of complacency that seemed to have grown on her since Maggie's death:

"You need never worry about me, dear. I know very well what I'm doing."

I wonder

OLD AGE IN THE NEW WORLD

by VINCENT BROME

Wise Planning now can assure an independent life for the eight million elderly people who will be part of Britain's 1961 population

YOU CAN GROW OLD with grace and ease in the city of Stockholm, certain of comfort, food and company, because this progressive city has found the answer to a question which will become urgent in Britain in the next few years.

The birth-rate experts have warned us. These are the facts.

In 1931 there were roughly four and a quarter million old people in this country—or one in ten of the population. In 1961 there will be eight million old people—or one in six of the population.

This means that in 1961 every sixth person you meet in the street will be old and retired. However, it need not be so depressing.

A Place of Their Own

Everything will depend on the health and the circumstances of these people, because, if it is true that the elderly will increase in numbers, it is just as true that they may be the most vigorous and healthy bunch of septuagenarians the world has ever seen. If, however, that is to come true, we have much to learn from Stockholm.

Some time ago people of that city set out on a new adventure in house planning. They wanted to build ideal houses for old people. First they decided that the tenement block was ugly and too much like an institution. They built instead a community of small houses with rooms for one or two people.

"The main thought was that the homes for the aged should be built so that the aged could feel themselves at home, as if they were living in a small place of their own."

No Imagination Here

The maximum rent was approximately 12s. a week. People with private incomes were not barred, but all the applications were taken in strict rotation.

Married couples and single men and women had their own apartments. There were communal kitchens for the main meal of the day, and smaller kitchens on each floor for the tenant's private use. Doctors attended regularly.

By the time she's 35, Britain will be mainly populated by old people

Now look at Britain. One side of our terrible failure to cater imaginatively for the aged is shown in a letter quoted by Emily D. Samson in her book, *Old Age in the New World* (Pilot Press, 4s. 6d.

The writer of the letter had visited a workhouse: "What I have learnt from all this is that old people in workhouses cannot be expected to demand their own rights. They are too helplessly dependent on the officials about them, too much in danger of being victimised if they complain. So if they are ever to be treated as human beings and not as automata it is outsiders who must fight for and obtain this precious right of our common humanity. It is not conscious cruelty that denies it to them; it is official rigidity, parsimony, and lack of imagination."

Emily D. Samson's admirable book brings to the surface the squalor, the anxiety, the pathetic efforts to fend for themselves of far too large a proportion of Britain's old people. Among it all, housing is one of the most urgent problems. We have gigantic building plans in Britain, but they make no special provision for the aged.

A survey of old people living in five different boroughs of London showed that nearly one-third of their houses were dark, dilapidated and leaky. Often there were no proper cooking facilities, and water had to be fetched from a tap on a lower floor. Worst of all, landladies were very unwilling to let rooms to old people who might become a burden.

Example from Plymouth

This book is another of the first-rate surveys put out by the Pilot Press which give all the facts and figures of modern problems and suggest a—target for tomorrow. If Miss Samson's book lacks crusading fire, perhaps in this case it is hardly necessary. The facts speak for themselves.

The author draws some interesting conclusions. Three of them are striking.

Since 1919 only 1 per cent. of new houses have been specially designed for the aged. Yet in 1938 old people made up 10 per cent. of the population. In the future, says Miss Samson, we shall need 17 per cent. of the new buildings specially for old people, because houses or flats which suit normally active young persons have serious drawbacks for those who are old and without help.

Conclusion number two is that home helps are vital for many old people. The Plymouth Old People's Welfare Committee has started a Home Helps scheme with great success. "Under present legislation, both the Assistance Board and Public Assistance Authorities are able to make a special allowance for the cost of such help," reports Miss Samson.

Promising Signs

The third conclusion quotes the example set by the Borough Council of Nelson, Lancashire. Their housing estate has made special provision for 200 old people in 47 bungalows grouped around grass plots and conveniently near the main road.

It also includes an Old People's Centre and an Old People's Visitor. The centre gives them social life and the visitor is ready to help whenever trouble looms too large on the horizon.

The birth-rate experts have warned us about the future. Yet our social fabric has made no bold adjustment to meet the change.

There are signs here and there which promise well, but scattered fragments are not much use. We need an overall plan. Miss Samson's book goes a long way towards providing it.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT—by STARKE

It's a tonic to look at life through Starke's eyes. Here are the latest examples of his humour

"No, as a matter of fact I never have seen a banana. Have you ever seen a bomb?"

"... there now; I've forgotten what I was going to say!"

"And where, may I ask, did you get the coupon for that new tie you're wearing?"

Free Speech

WAR DAMAGE COMPENSATION FOR OLDER HOUSES

Soldier's pickpocket trick. Build brick houses to fill waiting period. Smart girls of Nottingham. Stationery stupidity. Unemployed but not unemployable. Motorists and cyclists. Honours for I.T.M.A.

I AM SURE THAT many sufferers from war damage will warmly welcome the article, "Justice for the Bombed" by your Special Commissioner (JOHN BULL, April 21). With regard to compensation, it will be of service to make fully clear the provisions of the War Damage Act relative to compensation for houses completely destroyed by enemy action.

A "value payment" is prescribed in the case of every such house, and the amount of it is determined by the estimated value in March, 1939. In accordance, however, with a special provision of the Act, the War Damage Commission can ask the Treasury to increase "value payments" when these are inadequate, and the Treasury can act without the passing of a new measure.

It has been decided that this provision shall be applied in the case of all houses built since 1914. Further, it will operate in regard to houses built before 1914 when they are "equal in amenity and layout" to houses built since 1914. In both cases the Commission will give a "cost of works" payment—in other words, will pay the cost of re-building. This news should be welcomed by owners of houses falling in these two groups.

But the grievance of owners of older houses built before 1914 still remains to be solved. It is clear that when people have bought houses to live in and last out their lives, a "value payment" will provide only a small part of the cost of giving them a roof over their heads.

It is true that, in the discussions in Parliament of the Town and Country Planning Act, a promise was given on the floor of the House to increase "value payments" in the case of owner-occupiers. 30 per cent. was mentioned as the amount of proposed increase. But no declaration has yet been made by the War Damage Commission, and owners of property are waiting most anxiously for the decision of the Government on an issue which vitally concerns them.—HENRY R. ALDRIDGE, Hon. Secretary, War Emergency Social Legislation Committee, S.E.

Particular Pickpocket

IN OXFORD STREET, Manchester, a young soldier came up to a friend of mine and with a cheery smile said: "Hello, Dad! pleased to meet you. Your son's in our mob. I know you from one of his photos." My friend was astonished as the soldier put his arm through his—all the more astonished because he has no son. When he'd explained this the stranger grinned and went off. He left with my friend's watch.

But a few minutes later, as my friend was trying to catch up with the thief, he saw him walking back. "Here, Dad," he said, "take it back. I thought it might have been gold." I wonder whether this soldier is still telling the tale.—J. J. THOMPSON, Ducie Avenue, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

Building Time Lag

I AM ENGAGED in the designing of prefabricated houses for mass production. Our experiments in new materials and construction are in the early stages, and it will be some time before a really satisfactory building can be produced.

It is unlikely that substantial output will begin before the autumn. The Ministry of Works is pressing for the earliest possible production, and this policy will cause general disappointment to the public who expect well-planned homes.

The Ministry should fill the inevitable "time lag" by placing orders for the construction of brick-built houses to cover the intervening period this year. Then, by next year, we could produce attractive prefabricated houses to suit all tastes.—DRAUGHTSMAN, Buckinghamshire.

Colour in Clothes

NOT SO LONG AGO one of your readers criticised the drabness of women's dress outside London. I advise her to go to Nottingham and see the girls there. What a fine sense of colour they have. The gayest stripes and most brilliant colour combinations are to be seen in the streets.

I saw a delicious little cherry-coloured hat that made me (a Londoner) green with envy, and one girl was wearing mauve shoes the like of which I've never seen in war time Bond Street.—Miss B. B., Hampstead, N.W.3.

Dirty Milk

YOUR ARTICLE on dirty milk (JOHN BULL, April 28) is an admirable survey of the present position, and is probably the most comprehensive statement that has appeared in the lay Press. The propagation of this information is bound to help remove public apathy, which has been due to ignorance of the facts.

Every case of a child becoming infected with bovine tuberculosis could be prevented. Years of invalidism, permanent deformity, and even death, could be avoided. We have the knowledge which would enable us to stop all this. Why don't we use it?—Dr. ———, M.D., D.P.H. (name withheld for professional reasons).

Addition for the Garden

MANY THANKS FOR Connery Chappell's gardening articles. They are entertaining to read and full of practical common-sense.

I wish he had told readers more about growing sweet corn. It is a fine vegetable, but few people seem to have it. The time to sow it is now. Dig a trench a foot deep. Put in as much manure or compost as you can spare and work in a little bone meal as you put back the soil. Sweet corn is a hungry eater. Thin the seedlings to nearly 2 ft. apart. Once you have a success with it you will never be without it again.—R. BARRETT, Chiswick, Middlesex.

A Way Round

RECENTLY I TOOK 200 sheets of pre-war quarto-size notepaper to a London stationer to have my address printed on them. I was told that under a Ministry of Supply Order they were not allowed to print on paper so large—not even if customers supplied the paper.

A week later I got my printed notepaper back as well as 400 thin slips of paper which had been cut off the tops and sides.—H. V. COATES, 59, Salop Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Kept Down at School

HOW CAN PEOPLE be illiterate nowadays? Perhaps my recent experience is relevant. As a student teacher I was taking a class of seven- and eight-year-olds in reading practice. I asked one of the children to read, and the rest protested, "Oh, Miss Blank never asks her. She can't read."

I let the child try. She was very bad and very nervous. A week later, after I had given her practice and encouragement, she had improved enormously, and in a month was quite fluent.—Miss H., Berkshire.

Soldier Sightseers

MANY MEN IN THE Forces abroad have little chance of seeing the sights of the country in which they are serving. Those still overseas when the war ends should, I suggest, be given the opportunity of looking round for a few weeks. Many would be glad to take advantage of the offer, even if they were put on reduced pay for the period. — L. HART (Sgt. R.A.F., India), 126, Pitfold Road, Lee, S.E.12.

Plea for Work

MAGISTRATES STILL DECLARE that no one should be out of work in these days. Let me tell my story. I am unemployed and no one will give me a chance because I am deaf.

I am an ex-Service man of 1914-1918, only forty-six, able-bodied and active. I have served eight years in the Army apart from the last war, and have been in the Indian Police. The last two jobs I applied for meant working on my own and instruction wasn't necessary. But still I was turned down.

My wife and I have had to pawn almost everything we have. Her wedding ring has gone and soon we'll be in the street. I often wonder whether I should be better off if I were blind. There seems to be a helping hand for the blind.

I do not want money, but just a chance to work. Give me work, as much of it as I can get, and I'll do the rest.—NORMAN L. MORRELL. (Address supplied.)

Smoking at Thirteen

A MAN WALKED DOWN the street smoking a cigarette when three boys stopped him. All three produced cigarette ends. The oldest, who I know was thirteen last birthday, asked for a light. The man held out his hand without a murmur, saw them light up, and strolled on. I am no kill-joy and was secretly smoking at fifteen, but thirteen . . .?—J. BROWN, Glasgow, N.

Middle-Class Worry

I SUGGEST THAT THE TERM "Free Education" is a complete twist. Everyone realises that the education must be paid for somehow. If we are going to have equal educational opportunities for all, then let us also have something resembling equal contribution towards the cost. One of these days the back of the middle-class man is going to break under the weight of all these "free gifts."—B. A., Cardiff.

Reformed Motorist

I AM ONE OF THE multitude of motorists forced to take to a bicycle. I've been cycling about my business for a long time and have made some good resolutions which I shall try hard to put into effect when petrol comes back.

I shall always dip my offside light when approaching cyclists. I know now what it is to be near disaster for a quarter-mile or so after being dazzled by car lights.

I shall give a cyclist as much room as possible when overtaking.

I shall not complain of cyclists riding in pairs. A couple cannot possibly talk if they have to ride one behind the other.—REFORMED, Woking, Surrey.

Behind That Man

WE'RE TOLD THAT the King is an I.T.M.A. fan and if anyone deserves to be in the King's Honours List it is Ted Kavanagh, the script writer. No one has done more during the war to keep up morale on the home front.

Twice a week his characters' cross-talk has helped to keep our minds off our worries. And that cheery "Can I do you now, sir?" has made the more depressed among us smile. Three cheers for Ted Kavanagh.—Miss W. M., Lancs.

On the Safe Side

LOUD SPEAKER VANS have been very usefully employed in the war for savings drives and food instruction. They could be turned with equally good results to the road safety campaign.

Fixed speakers installed at dangerous crossings would be invaluable. They could instruct people when to cross and gradually build up an attitude of subconscious caution. — Miss WINIFRED DUNN, 4, William Street North, Summer Lane, Birmingham 19.

Yours Faithfully

THERE WOULD BE NOTHING lost if the conventional letter-endings—"Yours faithfully," and the like were abolished. Why should we not sign our names at the end and have done with it? That famous Quaker John Bright once signed himself, "Yours with all the respect you deserve." I suspect he was delicately hinting at something. — H. ANTHONY, Davyhulme, Manchester.

THIS PAGE *is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Pleasing the Customer

THE NEWSPAPERS tell me that elderly business men attending a meeting at the Institute of Export were advised that to recapture the Latin-American trade after the war they should learn to dance the tango.

Some similar idea must be the explanation for the curious things that happened when I recently went to make an inquiry at the League of Trade Infiltration.

I was sent along a mile of passages to see Mr. Higginbotham. But I got lost and when I flung open a door I saw six portly men with bull necks and short legs stepping slinkily forward in line as a seductive woman in a Spanish shawl chanted, "Now altogether, ONE two-and THREE four-and STOP turn-and heels together."

I left with eyes averted as though I had seen Lady Astor coming out of a pub.

WHEN I OPENED the next door a blast of icy air met me. Then I saw an elderly gentleman, dressed from head to foot in furs, poking his head out of a canvas igloo.

There were two other men in the room. One was trying not to be sick while eating a lump of blubber; the other had a rod and line and was fishing through a hole in the floor.

Before I fled I glimpsed a notice on the wall which said: "WHAT'S WANTED: Thermos flasks, fire-lighters, hot-water bottles, snow-ploughs, skates, harpoons."

I tried another door. Here a fat man was lying on a divan trying to clack some castanets. A bell tolled—for whom I didn't know. "Excuse me, please. . . ." I began. "Mañana," the man said. "Come back to-morrow."

I WAS ATTRACTED by a dull, rhythmic throbbing sound coming from another door. I opened it and saw four perspiring men in dark business suits beating strangely carved drums. "What are they doing?" I asked a man standing near the door. "Ssssh!" he said, "it's our advertising department. They're learning to signal: *Wash with M'bong. You can't go wrong.*"

"Wait a minute," he went on. "Next you'll hear Mr. Postlethwaite, of Housewife's Dream Kitchenware, beating out: *Hot'n'tot Cauldrons—Make Missionaries Taste Like Chicken.*"

I didn't wait. Further along I heard a monotonous chanting. It sounded like children in school except that the voices were deep and hoarse. I stood outside the door and listened.

Gradually the words sorted themselves out: "Five yams equal one coconut. Ten beads equal three shells. One top hat equals one sack of meal. Four goats equal one wife. Six wives equal one bullock."

AT LAST I TURNED a corner and saw a door with the name Higginbotham on it. Inside was a brisk businesslike man who said, "Come in and take a seat. Now, which country are you interested in?"

"Hawaii," I said.

"That's fine. I'll get my secretary to fit you out with a grass skirt. Now what product are you wanting to sell?"

"No product. I just want to go there. Get away from it all."

"Eh? But don't you want to export anything?"

"Only myself."

"Tcha! You've come to the wrong place. You want the Institute for Emigration and Avoiding the Horrors of Peace."

THEY STEAL OUR FOOD

The dockers have done fine work. Now, as in the past, JOHN BULL is their friend. But their black sheep need watching, says our Special Commissioner, W. J. GAGE

I AM STANDING on the Tyneside. It is an ideal Spring day, and men are loading and unloading ships.

A fine old merchant vessel, which under its new paint bears many scars of war, is taking aboard tons of precious food for our fighting men. Tinned meat, beans, fish, dried fruit, cigarettes. . . .

Hundreds of dock labourers and stevedores, some singing, others whistling, many glum, many jubilant, some carrying crates on their shoulders, others with cargo balanced on their heads or with bales in their hands, pass to and fro in this familiar scene before me.

Most of them, old and young, look typically what they are—dockers. And as I watch them it seems difficult to realise that some of them are common and constant thieves—deliberate, cunning, *systematic* thieves—who are willing to rob not only their civilian countrymen, but their fighting comrades too.

Thefts Are Worst Ever

Looting, especially at the docks, is a serious crime, amounting to sabotage. When dock thieves are discovered, and their guilt proved, they should be made to pay the heaviest possible penalties.

Unfortunately, though prosecutions are on the increase, far too frequently the only punishment inflicted is a fine. That is why the evil has now become a deep-seated canker.

On the Clyde and the Tyneside, at Liverpool, Manchester, Bootle, Cardiff, Southampton, Tilbury, and the London docks, the position is the same. *Thefts have everywhere reached the highest level known.*

After investigations at all the principal centres of Britain's Dockland, I can safely estimate the yearly losses at the docks, in detected thefts alone, at *half a million pounds sterling.*

A high official of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association recently said to me:

"Thefts are deplorably heavy. The problem has become so wholesale that I am convinced an elaborate organisation runs the traffic."

Extra £40 a Week

Last night I entertained two dockers at a Newcastle-on-Tyne hotel. They knew who I was, and that I wanted first-hand information.

It is easy, one told me, for a dishonest man to make £40 a week "working stuff out" on a small scale. Dock thefts are so common, and so hard for the understaffed dock C.I.D. to probe, that a man who is tempted to steal, and refuses, is boycotted by some of his mates!

So long as one thief stands in with another, and agrees to say nothing if he happens to get caught, he will be helped by a "common fund" which has been set up at many of the leading docks.

If a thief is caught "the fund" pays his fine. If he is sent to jail it looks after his wife and family.

Meat, bacon, tea, hams, sugar, grain, rum, gin, whisky, tobacco, cigarettes, cheese, butter, margarine, tinned foodstuffs—and so on—vanish from the docks at the rate of thousands of pounds a week.

Here, on the Tyneside, where the losses are no higher than elsewhere, the amount of tinned foods stolen is enormous. In one case, enough rationed food to keep a moderately populated village going for three months was stolen overnight.

The arrest of a lorry driver named Albert Stirrup at Liverpool was followed by a number of disclosures, which showed how some dock conspirators work.

Black market conspirators begin by placing a number of key men in the docks. These key men contact the checkers and find those who are willing for a substantial bribe to issue false certificates when loads are being passed through the gates.

A lorry sent to collect a legitimate load is driven by a man in the pay of "outside" crooks. He takes on his legitimate load, then he adds a few cases which are not listed in the checker's certificate.

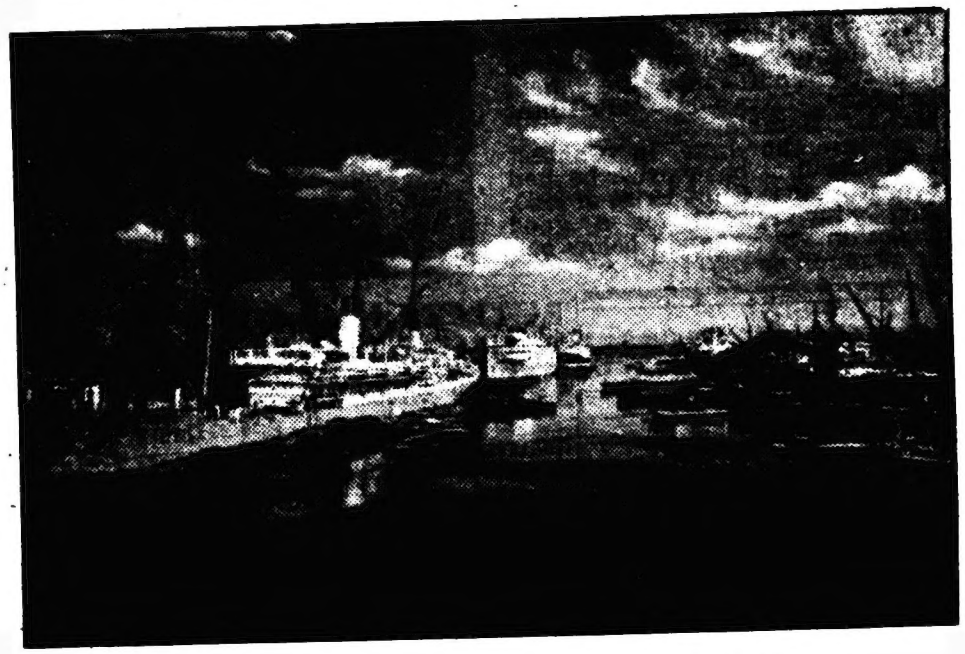
Then he drives out through the gates, delivers his proper load, and takes the extra cases to some prearranged secret destination.

So many extra dock workers have had to be employed since the war that black sheep, who form willing tools of conspirators, have found enrolment easy.

Joseph Dawson, a lorry driver, of Diggle Cottages, Bamford, Rochdale, recently gave some valuable information to the Bootle police. He described how he had been invited to remove chests of tea and other valuable commodities in the way I have described. He said that his tempters had not only offered to pay him handsomely, but assured him that it was perfectly "safe going," because most of the local police had been "fixed."

A graver reflection on a band of honest and hard-tried police officers could scarcely be imagined.

Not all dock thefts take place *after* unloading operations. Quite often nowadays—it is a new phase of the problem—cargo is stolen from merchant ships and transferred to smaller craft in the dock precincts.



These ships have brought goods to our ports from the far corners of the world. But the dangers which they have braved don't worry the dockside robbers

WHAT IT COSTS

- **In detected robberies alone, food and other goods worth £500,000 are stolen from our docks every year.**
- **In one recent period of nine months there were 1,573 prosecutions for dock thefts. Yet only about a twentieth of the systematic dock saboteurs actually concerned are caught.**
- **Investigators and watchers at the docks are too few for their task. Their ranks must be strengthened.**
- **The Home Office should bring about a closer co-operation between senior officers at Scotland Yard and the chiefs of the provincial police forces concerned. With the aid of the dock detectives themselves, a vigorous and concerted drive must be made to stamp out a menace that is growing uglier every day.**

Looting Our Food

Recently, for instance, a valuable consignment of cheese, bacon, hams, tinned tomatoes was found stowed away in the crew's quarters of a dredger.

For some months, thieves in the pay of outside grafters had been hiding foodstuffs in small ships and landing the property at some isolated spot on the coast during the hours of darkness.

On an average, every ship that comes to this country loses 2,500 lb. of its cargo through theft. Before the war the loss on incoming vessels used to be estimated at 1s. 4d. a ton. Now it is 26s. 9d. a ton!

Recently a valuable consignment of R.A.F. emergency food tins was stolen from one dock. Meat, lard, salmon, pilchards and tinned foodstuffs of all kinds vanished a few weeks ago from another.

Not long ago frozen meat from South America to the value of over £5,000 was stolen from ships in a northern dock!

One lorry driver, who worked in collusion with outside conspirators for four years before being discovered, boasted to friends that for every £300 worth of foodstuffs he "worked out" he received in Treasury notes £100 "on the nail."

How to Stop It

Dressed in working clothes, looking unkempt, and putting on a bold face, I had no difficulty in wandering round one dock recently without any interference. I was never once questioned.

The whole administration of the docks in this country requires overhauling.

Staffing—with honest and experienced people—should be the first consideration.

Regulations must be tightened.

A special check should be made on all "passes" (and slips of paper) handed to docks police by lorry drivers and carters—particularly those who are engaged on temporary terms.

A double check should be made, at travel stages, not prearranged, by specially-posted investigators.

In the near future I hope to have the matter raised in the House of Commons to ensure that much-needed reform is vigorously introduced.

Ten Golden Minutes

MARCH, 1945, was a month of brilliant sunshine, coinciding with the Allied march into Germany. Noticing that fact, crane-driver D. Wilson (4, Stead Street, High Howdon-on-Tyne) condensed it in ten minutes into this *Bullet*: Brighter Days — A "Brilliant March" Heralds.

It brought him in Contest 1,471 the first cash prize he had ever won—the First Prize of £250. And your reward for a good *Bullet* on your coupon below can be as much as £300!

UP GOES 'Bullets' FIRST!

£300

For Two, Three or Four Words

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £300 First Prize.

VICTORY'S CHAMPAGNE
WORLD AT PEACE
LEST WE FORGET
FAMINE AND CHAOS
GO-AHEAD GOVERNMENT
TOMMY'S PARADISE
IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM LAND
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY
DOMESTIC BLITZ
IN OUR HANDS
FRAULEIN SMILED, BUT
BACK TO EARTH
ROUTED
MAGIC CARPET
AMUSES MOTHER
HIS CIVVY SUIT
AT THE LAST DITCH
WARTIME SAUSAGE
SHOUTING "MURDER!".
FISH OUT OF WATER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

TOO MUCH.....
WIFEY'S .....
OUR VILLAGE .....
SAVING.....
ASTONISHED .....
CAUGHT IN THE .....

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best 3 Bullets received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross. /2 Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,477, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,477
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAY 14.

Signed .....
Address.....
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For MAY 28 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

BULLETS No. 1,473—FIRST PRIZE £200

A. G. VEASEY, 41, MOAT AVENUE, COVENTRY.

BEYOND DOUBT ROOSEVELT'S EFFORTS "HASTENED END."

£20 : A. E. Abercrombie, 17, Whitehorse Street, Hereford.
As It Should Be—Profiteers "Ditched," Not "Entrenched."

£10 : C. Murdoch, 12, Amelia Terr., Leeds.
Our Armour—Heading Ahead Of Headlines.

£5 : A. Brocklehurst, 210, Wells Road, Nottingham.
Digging For Belongings—Fritz—Unearthed "Mein Kampf"!

£4 : J. Atkinson, 2, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Man In The Bomber—Smiled, Hearing "Hamburg's Fallen."

£3 : G. Ryder, 26, Helen Street, Lower Broughton, Salford.
Young Nazi—Overbearing? Not Under "Bear."

6 of £2 :—
C. Day, 91, Rowheath Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham.
Man In The Saddle—Through "Grooming Himself" Yesterday.
Mrs. D. Dowling, 36, Aubrey Rd., Bristol.
Asking For Trouble—If Member Isn't Inquisitive.
F. Fotheringham, c/o 5, Eglinton Street, Edinburgh.
Young Nazi—Catspaw? With Tiger's Claws!
E. S. Nodder, 97, London Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.
Beyond Me—"Moderate Terms" At Sea-view!
Mrs. A. K. Taylor, 152, Broughton Gifford, Nr. Melksham, Wilts.
Hungry Europe—Makes Me Feel Glutton!
L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.
Bit Of Impudence—Reward For Hour's Queueing!

A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

TWO SHARE £75 IN XWORD 425.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Lively. 2. Fist. 3. Pill. 4. Hand. 5. Bray. 6. Book. 7. Sister. 8. Shaw. 9. Time. 10. Line. 11. Boat or Boot. 12. Lid. 13. Trips. 14. Scums.
£75 SHARERS: R. B. Beckett, 21, Wheatfield Cres., Shiregreen, Sheffield; G. A. Cranage, 34, Broadway, Blackpool. Each in addition receives 4-lb. Fruit Cake. RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 30 entrants.
ANOTHER £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE.

write to JOHN BULL about it

MONEY-ENVY MARS A CHILD'S HAPPINESS

Co-Education and State schools: a Parent's worry. Useful hints on being "introduced." Up-to-date facts about the National Trust

"WE ARE VERY DISTURBED over our little girl's happiness, which is being spoilt by a neighbour's child. She is an adopted child and we have explained this to her. She came to us when she was ten days old. She was very delicate and it took all our care and money to keep her alive. She is now nearly ten and has always been a most loving and lovable child.

"The child next door is also adopted, although she does not know it. She has everything it is possible for money to buy and is generally overdressed. I am not envious, but it hurts we when my girl says such things as: 'Mummy, she is having another new dress. She says I can't have one because I'm only adopted. If you were my real mummy I should have lots more clothes.'

"What can I do to show my little girl that it isn't the love that is short, but the money? My husband declares that if this keeps on he will tell the other girl that she also is an adopted child. I have tried a friendly talk with the mother of the child, but she adopts a very unco-operative attitude."

The situation is a difficult one and I'm afraid you will have to be patient for a while. Your daughter is still young to appreciate all that you have done for her and what your love and care mean.

However, I think that you might have a friendly little chat to her now. Explain that lack of money does not mean lack of love, and that even if she were your real daughter she couldn't have more clothes and toys than she has now.

I would also suggest that you try gradually to break her constant companionship with your neighbour's child. No doubt there are other little girls near whose parents' means are more on a level with your own. Encourage her to play with them, and it is almost certain that she will slowly drift away from your neighbour's child if only because this child, with her fine clothes and toys, makes her feel small.

I appreciate your husband's feeling that he wants to tell the other girl that she is also adopted, but he will have to restrain himself. He must certainly not interfere in what is a purely personal matter between the parents and their child.

"IS THERE any truth in the reports that the Minister of Education intends ultimately to make all State schools co-educational? I do not wish my boys to be co-educated with girls, and if this became the practice in all State schools I should start economising now in order to be in a position to place them elsewhere in another school when the time comes."

I don't think there are any grounds for such reports. Even if the Minister of Education favoured co-education in all schools (which he does not), the local authorities have the right to make their own plans. They would face strong opposition from many parents. In infant and junior schools it is common to find boys and girls working together in the same classes, but after the age of

eleven or twelve it is thought advisable to separate the sexes.

The U.S.S.R. tried co-education as a general practice, but it was eventually abandoned. It was widely held that the presence of the opposite sex distracted both boys and girls from their work. Incidentally, it was found that the girls excelled the boys in languages, literature and history. The boys left the girls behind in science, mathematics and geography.

"HERE IS A mere man who is bothered by a couple of questions on etiquette. Can you help?

"(1) On meeting someone for the first time I used to say 'Pleased to meet you.' Now I am told this is wrong, although one often hears it said. What should one say?

"(2) On being introduced to a person, ought one to shake hands, or merely to bow and smile?"

Rules of etiquette are not hard and fast in these days. Much depends upon current fashion and the formality or informality of the people and the occasion. It is better to avoid saying "Pleased to meet you" and, instead, to say, "How do you do?"

There is less hand-shaking in the South than in the North and Midlands. A good deal depends on whether you are likely to become friendly with, and to continue seeing, the person to whom you are introduced, or whether it is merely a passing occasion. For instance, if a friend introduces you to someone and you are all going to spend an evening together and likely to see each other in the future, a handshake will establish a friendly beginning.

Reserve a bow for someone with whom you are not likely to become closely associated. For example, when you meet a friend in the street accompanied by a stranger, he will usually give you a courtesy introduction, and hand-shaking is unnecessary. Of course, if the person to whom you are introduced gives the slightest indication of wanting to shake hands, it should be accepted.

"THE ARTICLE 'She Gave You Green Fields' (JOHN BULL, April 7) made me want to know more about the National Trust. Can you tell me something? And are there any books dealing with its work?"

The National Trust was founded fifty years ago. It is a voluntary society which works for the preservation of lands and buildings of special beauty or historic interest. Although it receives no subsidy from the Government, it has certain privileges. For example, the properties which it preserves must be held for all time, and it has the right to make by-laws to regulate them.

Details of the holdings of the National Trust are given in the annual reports which are available to members. The next one, to be published in July, will contain a fuller account than has been published for some years. An illustrated book is being prepared about the Trust and will be published by Batsford. The date of publication has not yet been fixed. Later in the year you should make inquiries of a bookseller.

X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Many a firm has found these extremely useful during war—HO□SES. 2. In some cases this greatly helps crops—□LOOD. 3. Etchings are generally this—LI□ED. 4. Housewife hates visitors to come in this of spring-cleaning—M□DDLE. 5. Such an invention has been known to save life—□URE. 6. Few people object to these when they're rich—TA□ES. 7. One often bickers over pebbles—□ROOK. 8. Boxer has often to do this in defence—BO□. 9. Describes vegetation growing on edge of swamp—□USH. 10. When needing repairs, these often want heeling—BO□TS. 11. There are some of a fabulous nature—M□THS. 12. You might be tempted to think some are filled with sawdust—□OLLS. 13. Needs to be read pretty accurately—TA□E. 14. Approaching this generally means increase in temperature—S□MMER.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated May 26, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, May 14.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 429 John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 425 is given below "Bullets"! Result in col. 2.

Sub-Postmasters

J. N., Halifax: Vacancies in sub-postmasters are advertised locally as they occur. It is a condition of appointment that suitable premises and assistance must be provided for the conduct of Post Office business. In the circumstances, the selection usually falls on a local shopkeeper. Special consideration is always given to the possibility of appointing an ex-Serviceman.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

How much is your Child's life worth ?

Diphtheria is a deadly disease —one of childhood's most cruel enemies. Immunisation has been proved to be a powerful defence against diphtheria. Surely every child has a right to be as safe as it can possibly be ?

Yet four million children in this country have not yet been immunised. They are running terrible, unnecessary risks—every day. Why ? Is it carelessness ? Or just forgetfulness ? Or don't the parents know ?

If your child is not one of the six million children who have been protected, see that it is immunised without any more delay ! Young lives are precious. Immunisation is free. It is safe, simple and a proved safeguard.

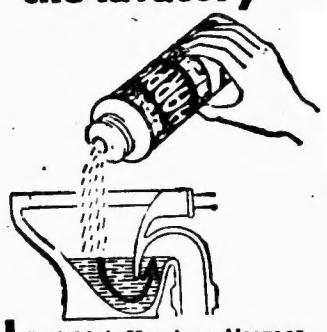
Apply to the Council Offices, Welfare Centre or School.

Immunisation —the proved safeguard

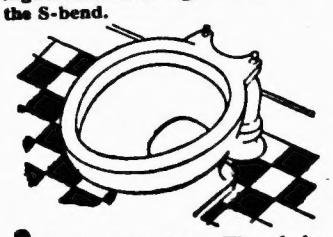
Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

G2 5

Specially made to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white !

HARPIC

CAT'S EYE VIEW

"Talk about a cat's nine lives. I'm having trouble just with one !"

"For purring out loud, it's 'Tibs' ! Now that's real cat sense."

"Tally-ho and away I go. I'm the happiest mouser within a night's prowl."

TIBS *Keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants & chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport

24P

NEARLY 250 PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ALL WAR FRONTS

The opening of the final Victory Campaign on the Western and Russian Fronts ! Vivid and dramatic pictures of fighting in the jungle and Far East ! Menace of the U-Boats—the glorious record of the R.A.F. — the Navy at war — all in an amazing permanent record, "THE FIFTH YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES"—256 pages, and nearly 250 thrilling photographs, many taken at risk of life.

Supplies are strictly limited. Complete and post the two labels below AT ONCE.

A FEW OF THE WONDERFUL AND HISTORIC PICTURES :—

LANDINGS AT SALERNO—ITALIAN FLEET SURRENDERS—"FIFTH" ENTER NAPLES—FIGHTING IN NEW GUINEA—E-BOATS and U-BOATS ATTACKED—END OF JAPS IN GILBERT ISLANDS—SINKING OF THE "SCHARNHORST"—CASSINO AND THE GUSTAV LINE—R.A.F. OVER BERLIN—JUNGLE WAR IN BURMA—D-DAY. THE NORMANDY BEACH-HEADS—"MULBERRY" HARBOUR—R.A.F. ATTACK GERMAN CONVOY—"TIRPITZ" CRIPPLED—ALLIES ENTER ROME—THE EPIC OF CAEN—THE V-BOMB CAMPAIGN—SWEEPING RUSSIAN VICTORIES—FRENCH ARMY RETURNS TO FRANCE—PARIS FREED—"EIGHTH" CAPTURE FLORENCE—YUGOSLAV GUERILLAS—GERMANS EXPELLED FROM FRANCE—Etc.

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DO THIS NOW. Fill in the two labels below as directed and post with P.O. for the correct amount according to the edition required, to Odhams Press Ltd., "Fifth Year of War in Pictures," Book Dept., J.B.1, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. All applications must be received by not later than May 16. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire.

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Your "after-the-war" dream . . .

. . . is centred round the home. You look eagerly forward to the family reunion . . . war duties ended . . . Dad finished with night-shifts . . . a much travelled lad back home for good.

Yours will be the responsibility of looking after the family's health. Wartime experience has shown you the value of 'Milk of Magnesia', so you won't forget to keep this always in the medicine cabinet as a stand-by against minor upsets of the system.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

Constipation —a cause of low spirits

Too many women are suffering from constipation. Their good looks are being affected, their stomachs upset, and they never seem to have any energy. Yet the remedy is so simple : a course of Beecham's Pills—the ideal laxative, gentle, natural, effective, and reliable, 1/4d. per box including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in **Pennyworths.**

TAKE **Beecham's Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

No Signs of Indigestion

AFTER ONE BOTTLE OF MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Dear Sirs, Sale.

For four years, on and off, I have been subject to indigestion in chronic form. . . . Nothing seemed to do me much good.

Last week I tried your mixture, and really it was a miracle. From the first dose I had relief, and now, after one bottle, I have no signs of indigestion, no matter what I have eaten.

I felt I must write and tell you how grateful I feel for this wonderful relief from pain. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Mrs. L.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form 7d., 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

SNAP VACUUM (Pat.) **CLOSURES**

Get a supply NOW before the rush and save old jam jars for next season's fruit crop.

GRAHAM FARISH

LIMITED

STAPLEHURST · KENT

(ALSO AT BROMLEY KENT)

FOOD FACTS

Nourishing High Tea and SUPPER DISHES

There's a real art in serving the right sort of last meal, whether it's High Tea or Supper, especially in wartime. It should be well-balanced, satisfying but not stodgy, and sufficiently nourishing to repair the day's wear and tear on nerves and tissues. It should include either a raw salad or correctly cooked vegetable dish, and one of the body-building foods: cheese, dried egg, bacon, meat or fish; with bread, cake or scone as 'fillers'.

Here are some High Tea and Supper recipes that win on all counts. Try them and see how well they go down.

A COMPLETE MENU

Salmon Savoury. *Watercress & Beetroot Salad, Bread, Margarine, Jam or Marmalade*

SALMON SAVOURY

Ingredients: 4 level tablespoons flour, quarter pint water, 3 heaped tablespoons salmon (quarter lb.), ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper. *Quantity:* Enough for 4. *Method:* Mix flour with a little of the water, bring remainder of water to boiling point, add to flour paste and allow to boil for 5 minutes. Then add salmon, herbs, vinegar and seasoning to taste. Pour on to slices of toast and place under a grill for 2 minutes. Serve with salad of beetroot and watercress. To finish the meal, serve bread and margarine, with jam or marmalade.

A recipe that is "different":

SOUR-SWEET CABBAGE with Sausage-meat Cakes

Ingredients: 1 lb. cabbage, 1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 oz. bacon fat or dripping, 6 tablespoons vinegar, 1 level tablespoon jam or sugar, 2-3 cloves, 1 lb. sausage meat. *Method:* Cook the cabbage in a little boiling salted water till tender. Strain. Boil the bacon fat, or dripping, with the vinegar, jam or sugar and cloves for several minutes. Strain, and pour over the cooked cabbage. Serve with sausage meat divided into cakes, and fried slowly on both sides till cooked through.

NOTE ON POTATOES
While potatoes are scarce, use the utmost care to avoid waste in preparation. If the potatoes are small and not too old they are much better boiled in their skins. This saves time and trouble and retains the full flavour.

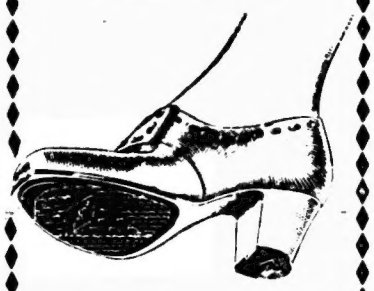
Rinse out Milk Bottles, and return DAILY.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 251

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS are built to go miles further



Goodyear have led the world for over a quarter of a century in the manufacture of various rubber products. That's why they know how to make the finest rubber soles and heels obtainable anywhere. Ask your repairer to fit Goodyear. You'll find they make walking much easier and go *miles* further.

★

Made by the makers of the famous GOODYEAR TYRE

Adorable loveliness

Fresh, radiant charm

True beauty comes with a lovely complexion and an air of exquisite freshness. That's where Lifebuoy Toilet Soap can help you! Its special ingredient makes it extra mild, a real safeguard for the complexion every time it's used. And in your bath that deep-cleansing lather brings a delightful feeling of renewed Personal Freshness.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet — 1 coupon

LBT 616-943-55 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

How much do you thank him?

You don't need to be told of the sacrifices the British soldier is making, of the dangers he is facing, the magnificent victories he has won. Show your gratitude by doing what *you* can for him — support the Army Benevolent Fund. No official scheme which has to apply simple rules in the treatment of millions of families in varied circumstances can cover *all* cases of hardship. For this reason the Army Benevolent Fund has been established to secure greater financial assistance for the approved Military Charities which benefit service and ex-service men and women and their dependants.

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND
PATRON H.M. THE KING
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

★ *The British soldier has earned your thanks — make them practical — make them generous. Simply pay your donation into any Trustee Savings Bank, or direct to Field-Marshal Lord Gort, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.*

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

Straight in the cup! That's the way you make coffee with Nescafé. And what a grand, full-flavoured coffee it is! No "fussy" brewing; no grounds; no coffee-pot to wash. It's no wonder demand grows and grows; so that supplies can't keep up. But persevere and you will be well-rewarded. Nescafé is not easy to win, but, when you do, what a prize.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

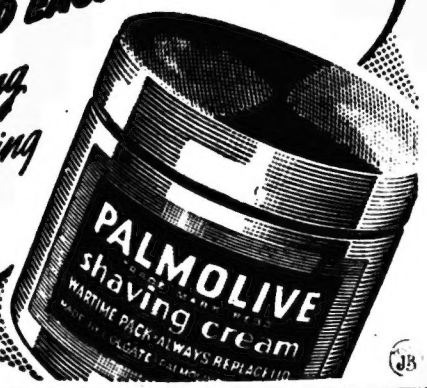
12

Make Life Brighter! by taking

VIRONITA
VYRO-NIGHT-A.

Non-Alcoholic
Suitable for Children
Your Chemist and Grocer sells it
M. CALTHORPE & Co., Ltd.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, OSSETT

Tons of Bristles DISPATCHED EACH MORNING by the Softening, Smoothing, Soothing Lather of



1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

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